

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1822.

(London Time's Telescope for August 1822.)

August.

Hail, greenwood shades, that stretching far,
Defy e'en Summer's noontide pow'r,
When *August* in his burning car
Withholds the cloud, withholds the show'r.

THE powerful influence of the solar rays now contributes to ripen the various sorts of grain, which are benevolently given for the food of man and cattle. The time of commencing the harvest varies greatly in different districts. It is usually begun in the southern and midland parts of the kingdom towards the end of *July*, but principally at the beginning of this month; in the northern districts of *Scotland*, the harvest does not commence until the first or second week in *September*. And, it is but rarely that, in these parts of England, it is finished, even in the most favorable situations, before the end of *October*; and, not unfrequently, this time is protracted till the middle of *November*, till the corn has been ripened by the frost. At Inverary, the seat of the Duke of Argyle in Scotland, the corn is so often spoiled by the rain, that the duke has built an immense barn, with a draft of air through it, and pins to hang his wheat on to dry it.

Some curious ceremonies have been, and are still observed in various parts of the country, when the corn is housed. But the 'harvest home,' like other customs of olden time, is fast wearing out;

and, if practised at all, scarcely deserves the name of that happy festival, when

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain
With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their *wives*, and *sons*, and *servants* share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed ev'ry brow, and opened every soul.

POPE.

The purple fox-glove (*digitalis purpurea*) now shows its elegant flower: this plant was formerly much esteemed as a medicine in consumption, but its beneficial properties do not seem to have had any effect in arresting the progress of that rapacious fatality which marks this too prevalent disease. The Derbyshire women of the poorer class, whenever they wish to enjoy the pleasures of intoxication at a cheap rate, indulge in copious draughts of fox-glove tea, which produces a great exhilaration of spirits, and has some singular effects on the system.

Insects still continue to swarm; they sport in the sun from flower to flower, from fruit to fruit, and subsist themselves upon the superfluities of nature. It is very amusing to observe, in the bright sun of an August morning, the animation and delight of some of our lepidopterous tribes. That beautiful little blue butterfly (*papilio argus*) is

then all life and activity, fluttering from flower to flower in the grass with remarkable vivacity: there seems to be a constant rivalry and contention between this beauty, and the not less elegant little beau *papilio phlaeas*. The increase of some creatures in particular years, and the long interval between almost annihilation and profusion in the insect world, is very remarkable, nor can we satisfactorily account for it. 'The lepidopterous class' (observes a valuable correspondent from Gloucestershire) 'are particularly subject to irregularity: it has sensibly been diminishing for several years, but this summer we have had scarcely a butterfly, and our flower-beds have lost much of their interest from the absence of this animated insect. The year 1821, however, has been very favourable to the production of the *slug* and *snail* race, and our wall-fruit has been greatly disfigured by their depredations. One species, the *helix vigata*, has increased in an extraordinary manner, and, in the village of *Tockington*, in Gloucestershire, gave rise to the most ridiculous and extravagant conceptions. There is a small dry field in this village which has long been inhabited by this *helix*, and they have annually appeared in greater or smaller numbers according to circumstances; but this year (August 1821) they have increased prodigiously; and as any trifling occurrence varying from the every-day sights of life becomes a subject of wonderment to a common mind, it was immediately concluded, (and some had the impudence to declare they witnessed it) that these *snails* fell in the form of a heavy shower from the clouds, predicting private and public misfortune, and all the calamities that a heated fancy or a weak mind could suggest! One man at Bristol actually circulated a paper, considerably to his emolument, announcing this event as a sign of the latter days, and the coming of the Messiah! Hundreds of people from the neighbourhood daily visited this field, for about a fortnight's duration; and multitudes of these little creatures, to the amount of perhaps a bushel a day, were collected by the curious, and sold by others to distant parts of the coun-

try, some persons receiving five shillings a day by the sale of them. All our downs, especially the maritime ones, produce this *helix* most copiously, and commonly every *bent* in those places is weighed down by them in the summer months.

In this month, the English *Villeggiatura* commences, and London pours out its thousand tourists, who, by the aid of the almost countless break-necks, high-flyers, and velociferes, which form the *perpetual motion* of modern times, in a few hours scatter themselves over the fertile and picturesque country of the United Kingdom. Others, in the humble but agreeable character of pedestrians, seek to realize the description of the poet, and catch the 'incense breathing morn,' and 'range through wood and dale, hill and lawn;—

Rambling wide to trace
Near home discov'ries—pest'ring every place.
Equipped with knapsacks, trudging here and there
Like pedlars posting to a country fair,
Or, perched on coach-roof, they admire the scene,
How uplands rise, and vallies lie between;
Or down some river's stream meand'ring glide,
And find that there is land on either side:
Who see old castles where they long have stood,
And feast on ruins—antiquarian food:
Perceive that Scotland to the northward lies,
And that in Wales, huge, barren mountains rise:
That Ireland is an island, where abound
Bogs, hogs, and dogs, and fogs, the whole year round;
That poor folks there, for want of bread and meat,
With buttermilk their boiled potatoes eat.
These things made out, a pompous book must show,
What much it must concern the world to know,
How far they walked—where halted, dined and slept,
What inns—good meat—good wine—good lodgings
kept;
What dangers—what fatigues, they underwent,
And wore their shoes out—and their money spent.

Pomona now offers her fruits to allay the parching thirst; currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and cranberries, are all peculiarly refreshing at this season. But what is the thirst which we, in this temperate climate, designate *parching*, compared with that experienced by the way-worn traveller on the burning sands of Egypt?—there, and in such countries only, is the value of a draught of water properly appreciated. 'Many' (says M. Belzoni) 'perish victims of the most horrible thirst. It is then that the value of a cup of water is really felt. He that has a *zenzabia* of it is the richest of all.

In such a case there is no distinction ; if the master has none, the servant will not give it to him ; for very few are the instances where a man will voluntarily lose his life to save that of another, particularly in a caravan in the desert, where people are strangers to each other. What a situation for a man, though a rich one, perhaps the owner of all the caravans ! He is dying for a cup of water—no one gives it to him—he offers all he possesses—no one hears him—they are *all* dying—though by walking a few hours farther they might be saved ; the camels are lying down, and cannot be made to rise—no one has strength to walk—only he that has a glass of that precious liquor lives to walk a mile farther, and perhaps dies too. If the voyages on seas are dangerous, so are those in the deserts : at sea the provisions very often fail ; in the desert it is worse : at sea, storms are met with ; in the desert there cannot be a greater storm than to find a dry well ; at sea, one meets with pirates—we escape—we surrender—we die. In the desert they rob the traveller of all his property and water ; they let him live, perhaps, but what a life ! to die the most barbarous and agonizing death. In short, to be thirsty in a desert, without water, exposed to the burning sun, without shelter, and no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in, and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain. The eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell ; a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness, and the brain appears to grow thick and inflamed : all these feelings arise from the want of a little water. In the midst of all this misery, the deceitful morasses appear before the traveller at no great distance, something like a lake or river of clear fresh water. The deception of this phenomenon (the mirage) is well known ; but it does not fail to invite the longing traveller towards that element, and to put him in remembrance of the happiness of being on such a spot. If, perchance, a traveller be not undeceived, he hastens his pace to reach it sooner ; the more he advances towards it, the more it goes from him,

till at last it vanishes entirely, and the deluded passenger often asks where is the water he saw at no great distance ; he can scarcely believe that he was so deceived ; he protests that he saw the waves running before the wind, and the reflection of the high rocks in the water. If, unfortunately, any one fall sick on the road, there is no alternative ; he must endure the fatigue of travelling on a camel, which is troublesome even to healthy people ; or he must be left behind on the sand, without any assistance, and remain so till a slow death come to relieve him. What horror ! What a brutal proceeding to an unfortunate sick man ! No one remains with him, not even his old and faithful servant ; no one will stay and die with him : all pity his fate, but no one will be his companion. Why not stop the whole caravan till he is better, or do what they can for the best, till he dies ? No, this delay cannot be ; it will put all in danger of perishing of thirst, if they do not reach the next well in such a time : besides, they are all different parties generally of merchants or travellers, who will not only refuse to put themselves in danger, but will not even wait a few hours to save the life of an individual, whether they know him or not.

To the parched and weary traveller, how vivid must be the recollections of the comfortable home which he has left (perhaps for ever,) and of those pleasant scenes of his childhood, when life was like a running stream of translucent water,—pure, fresh, and sparkling ! In such a moment as this, when despair is painted in every countenance, and ‘Death shakes his triumphant dart’—‘shakes, but delays to strike,’—the mind would, probably, give vent to its feelings in lines like these :—

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
 When fond recollection recalls them to view ;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood
 by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e’en the rude bucket which hung in the well ;
 e old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well,

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure;
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green-mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now far removed from that loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in his well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

[These beautiful and appropriate lines are from an American pen.]

The *bee* still pursues his ceaseless task of collecting his varied sweets to form honey for his destroyer, *man*.

This industrious insect, however, will sometimes retaliate, and wreak a dreadful vengeance on his tyrant. In the summer of 1821, as a merchant and his wife were proceeding, in an open carriage from Brandenburgh to Wittenberg, they were attacked by a swarm of bees, in such a cloud as to darken the air, which stung them dreadfully. The merchant became seriously ill in consequence of the wounds he received; but the lady in some measure escaped by taking refuge in a wet ditch. The coachman's life was for some time despaired of; and the horses were so severely stung, that they survived only an hour and a half.—See present volume of the *Atheneum*, p. 252, for an account of an idiot boy, who lived upon the honey which he sucked from the bee, having first disarmed it of the sting.

(English Magazines, June.)

ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

Straight my eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes. *L'Allegro*.

IN these beautiful lines Milton has accurately drawn the outline and character of English Landscape, or at least those striking features of it which may be styled national. He has given a most appropriate finish to the description, by introducing a supposed beauty dwelling in the midst of the embowered scene, thus heightening its interest and attaching the heart to his picture. The whole is the most happy general description of the same nature ever put together. The character of English rural scenery is different from that of other countries, and this forcibly occurs to the mind of the traveller absent from England, when he is contrasting the view before him in a distant land with the "trees and the towers" of his native island. This

peculiar character, that Englishmen are accustomed to from infancy, is the standard by which they try all rural objects abroad, and creates a disposition in them to undervalue foreign scenery, when it may be far superior to their own in the eye of taste. Something, nevertheless must be allowed for that tendency of mind which always leads us to disparage present objects, compared with those which we hold in remembrance. The memory, if it be sometimes deficient in calling up the exact detail of absent images, never deprives them of their coloring, but adds to their brilliancy and effect. The portrait of an absent mistress in the mind of her lover is always more beautiful than she ever appeared to him in the life. A thousand tender associations, too, crowd thickly after one another, and confer upon things out of sight the same kind of superiority, that the pictures of "Auld Lang Syne" always possess over those which are before us at the moment.

But there is a charm in English scenery as much its characteristic as the features, dress, and air of an Englishman are peculiar to himself. There

is a snugness, a comfort, an agreeable circumspection in the look of the country dwellings of the gentry, and all but the very lowest class, which has something attractive and endearing in it, like that which is implied in the epithet "little,"* when used in kindness. Close high-fenced fields surrounded by trees, houses buried in shrubberies and groves, beautiful cattle feeding among rich pasturages, and all in the smallest space, so that the eye can command them together, take a hold on the affections that an unclosed country, large forests, and immense buildings, can never attain. We may admire the latter, but we cannot love them. The idea of comfort which they afford is an additional tie to our regard, while the smiling fertility every where visible, arising from the depth of colour in the verdure, kept fresh and fragrant, even during the height of summer, by frequent showers, and the endless variety of green in the foliage, is nowhere surpassed: masses of tufted trees rising amid an ocean of luxuriant vegetation; vast oaks stretching out their knotty arms in the most picturesque forms; parks and plantations made without an appearance of art; an absence of rocks and precipices and those objects which Nature always intermingles in her most beautiful landscapes, making a marked difference between her own and English landscape of the kind I am describing. For though the latter may have little show of art, yet it possesses a distinct and definite character. To picturesque scenery, strictly speaking, I make no allusion, but confine myself to the social or highly cultivated. The perpetual green of England is the charm of her natural beauty, like a smiling expression upon the face of female loveliness. Englishmen, from missing this grateful hue in the South of Europe under its intense summer sun, are always complaining of the arid appearance of the country, forgetting that spring, under those genial skies, answers to our summer, and that even winter is a season of mildness and beauty of which we have no notion in England.

The sober, snug appearance of English retirements in the country is favourable to the developement of the qualities of the heart; it is congenial to thought and reflection, it tends to concentrate our ideas and to throw us back upon ourselves. It is painful to see the love of rural life losing ground among the better class of society, for we owed, and yet owe, much of the steadiness and simplicity of the English character to its influence. A secluded house and garden, buried in trees, having a circumscribed field of view, and producing an idea of recluseness, is also the best situation for study. Let the individual who would think deeply place himself on the summit of a high hill, commanding an extensive and varied prospect, a prodigality of luxuriant scenery being extended beneath him, and let him think intently, if he can, particularly in fine weather, even though he be a mathematician. A dissipation of thought must take hold of him in spite of himself, and his ideas will require all his exertion to keep them to their object. But how favourable to meditation are our sequestered plantations and fields. The high green hedges, well lined with timber, and almost peculiar to our island, divide the face of the country in a very unpicturesque manner, but they inclose many natural gardens, many delicious spots isolated each from the other, carpetted with the softest vegetation, and seeming to be made for study and gentle exercise at the same time. From these the eye cannot stray away to diverting objects all round the horizon, but may closely repose upon wild flowers and cool verdure, while the "thoughts are wandering through eternity." Men of the most comprehensive souls and commanding talents, those who have dazzled the world by the splendour of their military achievements, delighted it by immortal song, or instructed it by science, have preferred circumscribed residences and silent retreats. The excursions of the mind have no sympathy with the arbitrary limits which confine the body, for they always expatiate over the

* Burke. *Sublime and Beautiful*, p. 126.

largest space while the body is inert ; and this is a strong argument against materialism. Men of the most sublime conceptions have preferred small dwellings, for the body may be housed with ease and comfort in a little space ; but what human hands can erect a dwelling commensurate with the unlimited conceptions of genius ? Men of contracted minds, therefore, prefer large habitations ; but those who are occupied with views truly great, are contented with giving the body all that is reasonable. No schemes of ambition were more vast, and few minds were ever formed on a scale more capacious, than that of Bonaparte ; yet he preferred his small abode at Malmaison to the Thuilleries or Versailles : the latter, indeed, he never deigned to inhabit. Just before he returned from Egypt, he wrote to his brother Joseph—"Secure me a small house in the country, near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I hope to pass the winter." The rooms at Malmaison, his favourite residence, were little, and bore no proportion to the gigantic intellect of its inhabitant ; and yet he, no doubt, planned in them the most daring of his schemes of future aggrandisement. Rousseau was remarkable for his love of secluded scenery in the country, his eloquent and delusive writings were generally composed in such situations.—But a thousand such examples might be cited from among the sons of Genius.

There is a tranquillity and a feeling of security about some spots in England which no native ever feels abroad. In such places, thought seems to multiply thought, and all the stores of intellect appear to come forth at our command. There is no crossing and jostling among our ideas, but they arrange themselves spontaneously. What is so delightful as the room that opens into a garden enclosed with dense foliage, from which nothing of artificial life can be seen, save the grey smoke rising perpendicularly from some concealed cottage chimney ? English rural scenery is not artificial, as the term was once understood ; we do not crop our yew hedges into fantastical figures, or shape our box trees into dragons, at least in modern days, and yet it commonly

owes its most delightful charm to the hand of the planter. The infinite variety of irregular images constantly before us, prevents our being fatigued by the sameness of our secluded views, while the dark green water, deep and cool, refreshes and braces the mind, for green is the most exhilarating of colours. English landscape, in the rich and cultivated parts of the island, to which I now more particularly allude, consists of little more than a succession of green fields and embowered habitations ; yet the variety of these is endless, and though the picture may possess no strong features, and be of its usual confined character, it always breathes a beautiful tranquillity, and the sensation of a comfortable home, in a way understood in no country but this.

One of the most delicious retreats of the foregoing description that I have ever seen, is Guy's Cliff, the residence of Mr. Greatheed. The house is old, and has been built at different times ; but it appears to harmonize so well with the wood and water around, that they all seem to have been created at the same moment. It has the most perfect character of peace and retirement—of the "lodge in some vast wilderness," where "rumor of oppression and deceit" can never reach us. There are, it is true, some circumstances connected with it, which enhance its interest. Tradition makes it the residence of the famous Guy of Warwick, and he is said to have been buried in a cave near the house. It was at Guy's Cliff that, after having left his beautiful Phyllis to seek "hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach"—after performing a number of knight-errant-like adventures in Palestine, and combatting "dun cows" and fiery dragons—he put on the habit of a hermit, and took up his residence in the cave shewn as his at the present day ; his fair Phyllis, residing all the time in Warwick Castle, no great way off, little dreaming that her liege lord was so near her. The love of Sir Guy seems to have been thoroughly obedient to his sentiments of devotion, or else he imagined that the mortification and self denial he put upon himself in not returning to the fair dame after the close of his peri-

lous adventures, might give him a claim to a shorter residence in purgatory. However this might have been, when he was expiring, he sent for his loving Phyllis, and making himself known to her, she closed his dying eyes. The walk by the cave is still called "Phyllis's Walk." This obscure, or it may be fabulous legend, produces an interest, and breathes that hallowed charm over the spot which is always experienced in contemplating a place consecrated to remembrance by traditional lore. We are content respecting such things to take leave of reason and matter of fact, if they either of them interfere with the faith, on which hangs the spell of our enjoyment—and are not most of our enjoyments erected upon foundations as untenable? Honest old Rous, the antiquary, lived at Guy's Cliff; and the Queen of modern tragedy, the British Thalia, she who trod the stage without a rival—who harrowed up our souls in *Lady Macbeth*, and appeared, when personifying royalty, far superior in dignity to any thing we have ever seen in royalty itself—for her's was the poetry of acting, and accommodated the "shows of things to the desires of the mind,"—this lady was once an inhabitant of Guy's Cliff in a humble capacity, from the shades of which she emerged "to delight all hearts and to charm all eyes."

It will hardly be thought fair, after these observations, to cite Guy's Cliff as a specimen of an English rural retreat, because a portion of our admiration might be attributed to associations unconnected with situation and natural beauty. But those who have visited it, unknowing the circumstances attached to its history, have confessed its claims to attraction. My first visit to it was on a fine summer evening, and it brought forcibly to my recollection, at the first glimpse of it, the lines of Virgil:

*Hic secunda quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variorum; hic latis otia fundis,*

*Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub amore somni.**

The weather had been hot during the day, and evening had arrived, when I turned down a short by-road, one side of which was bounded by the wall of the grounds, and the other by a quickset hedge, inclosing a flower garden in full bloom and fragrance. A fine piece of water soon opened upon my view on the right hand, which I crossed by several rustic bridges, passing the front of a mill, where Camden reports that there has been one ever since the Conquest. The water was the "soft-flowing Avon," which in this place, owing to a fall of two or three feet, differed in some degree from its usual placid appearance. It was no longer smooth, glassy, dark from depth, and reflecting, in motionless beauty, the willows, rushes, and noble oaks, that ornamented its banks. On the contrary, it was agitated and broken into whirls and eddies, until it nearly reached the house, about 400 yards off, where it resumed its mirror-like surface, and glided along "at its own sweet will," without a ripple, like the current of time stealing silently into eternity. Under the shade of some lofty trees, in a line with the front of the house from which I was separated by the river that almost washed the walls, I flung myself on the grass in pure idleness to enjoy the picture. No breeze stirred a leaf; a few white clouds were floating on the blue sky. Men like Dr. Johnson, or a citizen of Cheapside, might have preferred the filth of Fleet-street, or the exhalations of Smithfield, but to me the first few minutes in that situation were worth all London, or a dozen Londons. The mind in similar cases becomes intoxicated with delight, and for a time loses all power of forming definite ideas; it quaffs largely of the delicious draught which it does not taste until the first cravings of its thirst are satisfied. It is this intoxication of feeling—this ex-

* Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace and rest are theirs;
Leisure and ease, in groves and cooling vales,
Grottoes and bubbling brooks, and darksome dales;
The lowing oxen and the bleating sheep,
And under branching trees delicious sleep.

WARTON.

cess of delight and admiration, that has disappointed the expectations of many in the effect produced upon genius by the view of a soul-stirring scene. Burns was once conducted to a cataract of great grandeur, which he surveyed in silent wonder. He did not write verses upon it, as his friends expected he would do, for he was overpowered by the scene; to have done so he must have reflected; he could not, like a painter, do his work on the spot by the use of his eyes and hands. The mind was powerless, as to composition, being confused with admiration. No man can write his feelings at such moments; there must be an interval for re-action, that imagination may act and embody its ideas with order and symmetry.

The house was broken into angles; a part was erected upon arches, which were continued terrace-fashion beyond it on one side, and were covered with fine turf. A chapel with an antique tower of grey stone stood on the opposite side; the whole was backed with lofty trees and dense but varied foliage, rising "shade above shade," and reflected darkly in the water. A shrubbery and garden were situated close to the building; and at a little distance, surrounded by trees, was a green inclosure, in which a few sheep were feeding. Several swans floated proudly along the smooth part of the river, leaving in their track, on the dark water, a long stream of "dewy light." The fall near the mill threw its foam sparkling in the rays of the setting sun. Willows and limes were quivering in reflection among the agitated water, while the shore on which the house stood was wrapped in that deep warm hue which distinguishes the shade at the hour of sunset. Retracing my steps across the Avon, I entered the shrubbery by a door in a low wall, which I found open, and soon reached the back part of the house, or what some might call the back front, looking down on an avenue of lofty fir and cedar trees towards the turnpike road, from which a stranger could have had no idea of the scenery next the water. The *tout ensemble* forcibly recalled the truly English picture of a pleasure-ground

drawn by Sir P. Sidney in his *Arcadia*; though when he wrote it is to be presumed, that the ancient stiff unnatural style of gardening was in full vogue. "The back side of the house was neither field, nor garden, nor orchard; or rather, it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soone as the descending of the staires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste pleasing fruits; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but they were sordainely stept into a delicate greene; of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaicall floore. So that it seemed that arte therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeiting his enemie error, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking chrystall was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows."

After walking over the shrubbery, brimful of delight, as I found myself, I could not help returning to the spot from whence I had first seen the house, which became enveloped in deeper shade as the twilight advanced. The hollow bleating of cattle came sullenly upon the ear at intervals, from the meadows and moors that lay northward along the banks of the river. These, and the sound of the gently dashing water, were all that disturbed the stillness; for no voice was heard. The bat too flitted across the shade, beneath the close and lofty trees, impatient for a darker hour. Several ladies came out of the house, and moving along among the trees and shrubs, disappeared behind the clumps of foliage, their white dresses rendering them indistinctly visible amid the gloom. It was one of those moments when a "pleasing fit of melancholy" comes over the mind, and we begin to recall "by-gone" times and forms of those we once loved and revered that now live no more. I drew out my watch instinctively; its former possessor was in the grave. I gazed upon the monitor of time, and

could not help reflecting of how little account in duration is the existence of a mortal, when even its most trifling appendages outlive it. I thought too upon her who gave me being, and almost fancied that she stood before me, smiling with all a mother's tenderness. I thought too ——— but here I must talk no more of my reverie.

The charm of English scenery is predominant at Guy's Cliff; poor indeed is the pomp of palaces to such a retreat. The air of antiquity about it is, however, less impressive than around some buildings of a more recent date. But all the accompaniments of our best rural beauty are there—foaming water, and that which is dark and still; thick shades; a total exclusion of foreign objects;* depth of green colour in the verdure; the gothic tower; the inarti-

ficial appearance of every thing; the idea of seclusion and comfort, and all that is truly English in character. There, indeed, one might expect to find a "Cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for where is beauty so interesting as in such a retreat?—surely not in

"————— court amour,
Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball."

Amid such scenery the heart is always on the lips, and female loveliness, so "imparadised," allures in its most bewitching manner. Retirements like these are gems studding the green face of our island; and while other lands may boast of finer cities, more splendid temples, and palaces far nobler than ours, we outshine the world in the graceful, virtuous, comfortable character of our sequestered villas and country scenery. V.

THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

Continued.

[The princess has another interview with Alaor, who thus relates the incidents of the life of the Renegade.]

THIERRI III. reigned in France, which, having been considerably aggrandized by the victories and conquests of Charles Martel, enjoyed profound peace. While, however, the Maire du Palais was pursuing his career of glory, the French monarch died of poison, and the infamous Geoffroi, aided by his perfidious troops, possessed himself of the crown and the prerogatives of royalty. The queen, who was at a chateau, some distance from the capital (with Prince Clodomir, then fifteen years of age, and the infant Princess Elfrida) on being informed of the death of Thierry, hastily proceeded to Paris, accompanied by the princess. But, alas! the gates of the palace were closed against her, and the usurper pronounced sentence of death on the widow of Thierry. An assassin advanced, and after plunging his dagger into the bosom of the queen, stabbed the young princess Elfrida, and was about to lay his murderous hands on

Clodomir, when the prince, in a transport of indignation, sprang from the royal litter, on which the queen and her children had been conveyed to the gates of Paris. He seized a sword; it was that of Thierry, and pierced the heart of the execrable murderer. The young prince rallied the courage of his followers, but, overpowered by numbers, he fell amidst his defenders, and his eyes seemed to be closed for ever.

But Clodomir was not doomed to perish in obscurity. On recovering he found himself stretched on a bed of straw beneath the humble roof of indigence. A faithful soldier had rescued him from the combat, and escaping through the woods, saved him from his pursuers. A cottage, in a valley of Ardennes, was now the asylum of the heir of the throne of France, and Clodomir, concealing his rank and birth under the assumed name of Astolphe, was represented as the child of the soldier, the son of the generous Faldis. Meanwhile Geoffroi proclaimed the death of the queen and her two children, and the existence of the young

* Except Blacklow Hill close by, on which an inscription records, that Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, was beheaded in 1311, and which adds greatly to the interest of the view.

prince was known only to the usurper and some of his attendants. Astolphe was now a shepherd of the valley of Polmeran, and months and years succeeded each other without producing any change in his situation. Faldis, who still hoped for the return of Charles Martel, and the defeat and death of Geoffroi, inspired his charge with the noble pride of his ancestors, and kept alive his hope of recovering the sceptre. The old soldier had a son and daughter named Turial and Anathilde. Turial adored Clodomir, and being acquainted with his illustrious origin, he was ready to sacrifice his life for his prince. Anathilde, simple as the rose of the valley, was ignorant of the secret of Clodomir. He whom she supposed to be a shepherd, occupied all her thoughts, and her heart became susceptible to love. The son of Thierry, who in his turn was ardently attached to the daughter of his preserver, did not disguise his sentiments. He wished that Anathilde should be his bride, and the remonstrances of the old soldier were ineffectual. Astolphe owed his life to Faldis, and his love for the daughter rose out of his gratitude for the father. The news of an important event now reached the valley of Polmeran. The long wished-for day had at length arrived. Charles Martel returned to Paris and completely defeated the troops of the usurper. The conqueror entered the French capital, and decreed the death of the regicide. Faldis had carefully preserved the sword of Thierry, which Clodomir had seized after the murder of the queen: the mark of the wound on his breast which the prince had received from the Algerine pirates when an infant, and the ring of the princess Ezilda, were undeniable proofs of his identity. Faldis, Astolphe and Turial bade adieu to Anathilde, and quitting their peaceful abode, hastened to Paris. But alas, how vain were their hopes!—Charles Martel had indeed subdued Geoffroi, had avenged the murder of the king and queen; but in his heart he secretly rejoiced at the extinction of the royal race. The supposed death of Clodomir smoothed his way to the throne, and he only waited a favourable opportunity to possess himself of the

royal authority. Insulted by the guards of the conqueror, and disregarded by the multitude, Astolphe and his two friends were unable to gain an audience. Faldis had, however, recognized several of his old commanders among the royal troops. He shewed them the sword of Thierry, and revealed to them the secrets of Clodomir. A report soon spread that the heir of the French throne was still living, and that he had appeared to claim his lawful rights. A violent agitation prevailed among the people, and Charles Martel issued an order for the arrest of Astolphe, whom he styled *the false Clodomir*.

A numerous party now joined the young prince. His banner waved before the gates of Paris, and fortune seemed to smile on the descendant of Clovis. But Charles Martel, issuing from his capital, followed by his devoted guards, impetuously attacked the troops of Clodomir. In vain did the prince, by prodigies of valour, justify his rash enterprise, and prove his exalted origin. His party was cut to pieces, and usurpation was once more triumphant. It was then that the unfortunate Clodomir, recollecting the tragical fate of his family, and beholding on every side the triumph of crime, treason and injustice, raised his eyes to heaven, and for the first time doubted the existence of a God. The prince saw the noble and generous Faldis fall dead at his feet. Frantic, and unconscious of what he did, Clodomir rushed amidst his assailants, and dealt deadly blows on all around him, not from the desire of vengeance, but from the impulse of despair. Suddenly dragged by force from the enemy's ranks, he was conducted to the river side, where a boat was in readiness to receive him, and he had gained the opposite shore ere Charles Martel perceived his escape. He by degrees recovered his reason. Glory, hope, honour, no longer surrounded him; but friendship still remained—Turial was beside him. Having traversed a thick forest, the prince and his companion discovered at a distance a hospitable convent. Clodomir was exhausted with fatigue and privation. Turial saw but one resource, it was dangerous, but the prince was un-

able to proceed farther, and the emissaries of Charles Martel were perhaps pursuing him. He no longer hesitated; he hastily advanced to the gate of the convent, and having obtained a private interview with the abbot, he discovered to him the secrets and misfortunes of Clodomir, and confided the prince to the generosity of the minister of Heaven. 'Soldier, (said the Abbot of Saint Vaudrille) convey your friend hither. Whether he be Clodomir or not, if he take refuge in this convent, I will be responsible for his safety: not all the power of Charles Martel can reach him in this inviolable sanctuary.' These words were consolatory, and yet Turial shuddered as though the abbot had pronounced a sentence of death. He endeavoured to express his gratitude; but the words died on his lips.

[These fears are justified by the result; the abbot holds him captive, and endeavours to force on him the monastic habit. He is dragged to the altar, when suddenly drawing from beneath his robe the royal sword of Thierry, he plunged it into the heart of the abbot, and rushing through the throng of terrified monks, with the bloody sword in his hand, he appeared to be borne on the invisible wings of an exterminating angel. He crossed the chapel, the galleries and the court-yard, and at length reached a private gate of the monastery, which opened on an extensive forest. Here one of the cloister opposed his escape, and another victim fell beneath the sword of Clodomir; but he was now without the walls of the convent and had recovered his liberty. The prince pursued his impetuous course through the forest. He cast his eyes on his sword, and he shuddered to behold the blade which was died with gore.—He meets Turial, who had watched for him, and, disguised in pilgrims' cloaks, the prince and his friend at length arrived within sight of a long chain of the Ardennes, which had in the mean time been desolated by Charles Martel.]

Anathilde was no longer at Polmeran. Turial was received by the friend to whom Faldis on his departure had intrusted the care of his daughter. The young soldier learned that, the French army having halted in the valley, Charles Martel became captivated by the beauty of Anathilde, and that the conqueror had forcibly carried her from her home. This news was a thunderbolt to the friends; but, defying the difficulties and fatigues of the journey, they followed the course which had been taken by the army of Charles

Martel, and they speedily joined the French camp. After many inquiries, they learned that a young female was confined in a solitary castle on the shore of the Atlantic, and that Charles Martel frequently visited the mysterious retreat. One evening, disguised as French knights, they introduced themselves into the castle as messengers from head-quarters, and having shewn the royal arms on the sword of Thierry, they produced a pretended order from Charles, directing the guards of the castle to send Anathilde immediately to the camp under their escort. Anathilde proceeded to the armory, where her lover and brother were waiting to receive her; her gaolers withdrew; Turial raised his vizor, and Astolphe threw himself at her feet. For some moments they were unable to find words to express their sentiments; but, alas! another stroke of fate awaited them.

The door of the armory suddenly opened, and Charles Martel appeared, accompanied by three knights. "Presumptuous soldier, who art thou?" exclaimed Charles. "Thy monarch; usurper, defend thy life!" was the reply. A dreadful conflict ensued, in which Clodomir evinced heroic intrepidity. Two of his adversaries already lay dead at his feet; and Charles Martel was himself on the point of being subdued, when the third knight, who was already severely wounded, fled to a balcony which opened on a vast terrace overlooking the sea. Anathilde was there—he seized the daughter of Faldis, and turning to Clodomir, "Thou shalt not enjoy thy triumph!" he exclaimed, and immediately precipitated his defenceless victim into the waves.—Meanwhile the tumult had alarmed the guards. The two friends were surrounded on every side. Turial was still fighting valiantly, when a traitor rushed forward and plunged a dagger into his heart; he staggered and fell, and with his last breath pronounced the name of his beloved Astolphe.

What a spectacle for the prince! On the one hand the remains of a murdered friend, and on the other a mistress floating on the waves of the ocean. Frantic with despair, he cut

his way through the midst of his enemies, and rushing to the balcony, he in a moment plunged into the sea, resolved to share the grave of his adored."

[They escape to a raft, and are driven to sea, but Anathilde perishes in sight of a vessel which is bearing down to their rescue. The agony and despair of Clodomir are forcibly painted: their result is infidelity and apostacy.]

A Mussulman, one of the chiefs of the ship's crew, first stepped on board the raft. 'Young man, (said he) you appear overwhelmed with sorrow; but remember that every misfortune has an end: a God'—'A God, (interrupted the prince, in a transport of fury,) there is no God! The universe is but a mass of disorder, the world a mere chaos of horror and misery, and man the production of darkness and chance!' Convinced that excess of grief had deprived him of reason, the Mussulmans conveyed him on board the vessel in spite of his resistance. Every mark of care and attention that humanity could suggest was bestowed on him with success. The life of Clodomir was not yet near its close; but gloomy apathy and calm insensibility were painted on his countenance.

The vessel, which was bound for Iberia, was commanded by Athim, an African warrior, celebrated for his valiant exploits. Abderam, who was then Caliph in Spain, was raising an army to reinforce the Saracens in Gaul, and having heard of the achievements of Athim, he invited him to Spain for the purpose of placing him at the head of his intrepid Moors.—During the tedious hours of the voyage, Clodomir heard the heroic language which the African chief addressed to the Arabs.

Athim detailed his plans of conquest and glory: he burned with the desire of ravaging the plains of Gaul. The unfortunate Prince, who had become the enemy of the human race, and particularly of the French people, now thought only of battles, massacres and devastations. All the force of his despair, all the fury of his vengeance, were directed against Charles Martel. He expressed his determination to enlist under the banner of Mahomet. His enthusiastic language, his bold resolution, and his thirst for revenge, delighted the African chief, and he himself promised to present the prince to Abderam.

They landed in Spain, and the son of Thierry, concealing his birth and his rank under the name of Agobar, was conducted to the caliph. 'Young man, (said Abderam,) I am informed, that having been exiled from Gaul, you hate your country and wish to adopt another; but I cannot receive a Christian among the warriors of Mahomet. Do you consent to renounce your faith, and wear the turban of the prophet?'—Potent caliph, (replied Agobar,) I wish to fight and to serve you. Jupiter or Jehovah, Mahomet or Christ, what signifies the choice of a name! The helmet or the turban, the crescent or the crucifix, all these toys are equal in my estimation!' Pleased with the boldness of his replies, and the vehemence of his passions, Abderam no longer hesitated. Such a character suited the barbarians of Iberia. Agobar bound the turban on his brow, and descending the Pyrenees, the Renegade soon appeared like a meteor in Occitania.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.*

THIS is the title of a work on Buonaparte, far more interesting than any that has preceded it, to those who would know the real character of this extraordinary being. It shows him to us in his private life, in those moments when the Emperor is lost in the man, when the actor is off the stage:

we have Napoleon in familiar intercourse with us, giving accurate, or, at least, striking portraits of his contemporaries, from the revolution down to the battle of Waterloo; reading lectures on the political state of England; and speaking of his own actions as if they belonged to other times. In such

* This work is still in the press. Our account is received from a friend, who, by favour of the publishers, has had access to the proof sheets of the first volume.

a work, it is impossible not to take an interest, and a lively interest, whatever may be our opinion of him who forms its subject: besides, all political animosity is, or ought to be, buried with him in the grave; he has become a portion of the past; the fires, that he once lit up, are now burnt out, or are only faintly glimmering in their embers; they are not to be rekindled by any political discussions; and, were it not that many of the actors in the scene with him are still alive, his story might be told with the same freedom as that of any other conqueror, who, like him, may for his little day have been the scourge and wonder of the world. As it is, we shall as much as possible avoid all comment on the work, merely giving a brief epitome of some of its principal facts.

The author sets out with a minute story of the voyage to St. Helena, from the moment when the sails were first unfurled, till the landing at James Town, a period of ten weeks, during which, he seems to have gained the confidence of the exile; if, indeed, Buonaparte can ever be said to have made a confidant of any. Enough, however, transpires in the course of this volume, to prove that he was as solitary in his sufferings as in his greatness; his mind wanted no support from communication, and therefore he was little likely to make a show of his feelings, as is the case with most men in the hour of affliction. It is weakness only that makes sorrow communicative, and Napoleon's sorrow had no weakness, except it were that of anger; but all this, and much more important matter, we must leave untouched from want of space to do it justice, and proceed to the detail of his habits at St. Helena.

"Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours.

When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad daylight. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case *a la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high seasoned, or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*,) he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he

ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him."

For the first weeks, Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn had the charge of the fallen exile; upon the whole, he and his captive seem to have agreed tolerably well, but he was soon to be superseded by Sir Hudson Lowe, and if Buonaparte was not altogether satisfied with his first guardian, he was utterly discontented with his second. In a little time, in the usual order of things, they came to open war, Napoleon growing more and more fretful, and the governor more and more rigorous, the severity of public duty taking a deeper tinge from the feelings of the individual. Buonaparte's temper may be pretty well ascertained from his private expressions in regard to Sir Hudson; "bugiardo," "sbirro," "Siciliano," "imbecile," "bavard," "capo di spioni," were not his worst terms of reproach, yet at the same time there appears to have been some cause for this violent irritation in the irksome restraints imposed upon him, and in the natural evils of Longwood, made doubly vexatious by the want of fit accommodations, supposing always our author's statement to be literally correct. The whole island seems to be particularly unpleasant, and Longwood to be the most unpleasant part of it: sometimes for want of water Napoleon could not have a bath, which to his habits was an essential luxury, and if he attempted to move out he was either scorched up by the sun or blighted by the fogs; "here," he was wont to say, "it either blows a furious wind, loaded with rain and fog, *che mi taglia l'anima*, or, if that is wanting, *il sole mi brucia il cervello*, through the want of shade." Nor do these complaints appear to have been without some reason, for he was constantly annoyed by head-ache, by swellings of the gums and cheeks, and by pains in the side, which last, we should suppose, were indicative of a diseased liver. All this, however, arising from the nature of the climate, Sir

Hudson Lowe could not help; but whether he or the English government might not have been milder keepers, is a question not so easily decided. But this is a subject which we do not wish to dwell upon, and having first given our author's account of Napoleon's bed-room, as a specimen of his lodging, we shall go on to other matters less liable to discussion.

"It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pullies, looked towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old fashioned sofa covered with white long

cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trowsers and stockings all in one. A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empress Maria Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-stand, containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner."

In this country it has been generally supposed that Buonaparte had no other influence with the French than that of fear, but it appears that we judged of our neighbours by ourselves, and it is certain that we feared him as much as we hated him. We had good reason for it; they, however, had not, or at least, Buonaparte thought they had not; he fancied that the French people loved him, and he tells some anecdotes, which, if true, would go far to prove it: as these are given in his own language, or nearly so, we cannot do better than quote one of them:

"Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelm-

ed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes, when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Mueron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The account of Moreau's death, as coming from Buonaparte, is well worthy of quotation.

"In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate, I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: "*Jetez une douzaine de boulets a la fois dans ce groupe la, peutetre il y en a quelques petits generaux.*" (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment

before Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, "is more destructive than the discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Esling, when I had caused my army to go over to the isle of Lobau, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty toises distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of

sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder, but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us."

We now come to a subject more peculiarly interesting to the English reader—the battle of Waterloo—a battle, which, whether for the severity of its action, or the importance of its results, has not been equalled since the day of Marathon. Every Englishman will be naturally anxious to hear Napoleon's opinion of his great rival, but we fear that he will be little satisfied when he has heard it, for it is not very favourable to the glory of our general. Napoleon asserts, that the duke committed two capital blunders; first, in suffering himself to be surprised; and, secondly, in giving battle, for, if defeated, he must have been utterly ruined, as he could not retreat, there being a wood in his rear, and only one road by which it could be gained. On the other hand, had he retired to Antwerp, Buonaparte must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were marching up against him. How far this judgment may be correct we are not military enough to decide; but we have sufficient philosophy to know, that the event proves nothing, either one way or the other. At the same time, it must in candour be observed, that Buonaparte seems to be rather a partial judge in these matters; he affirms that the English are not calculated to make such good soldiers as the French; but if the general was wrong in giving battle, and his soldiers were inferior, how did he happen to gain the victory? And what does he say for himself in having been beaten by such enemies, to whom in all respects he was so superior? He is, perhaps, more correct in stating that the strength of this country is in its navy, and no less correct in his account of our smugglers, who are the most desperate beings that have ever existed since the days of Blackbeard. We know something of these wild adventurers, whose deeds, and speech, and manners, have all a romantic horror about them that does not belong to the present day; and many a tale could we fashion of them for our readers

that would blanch their cheeks more than the wildest improbabilities of fiction. The people of this country are little acquainted with their habits, or with the scenes that have been lately acted on the coast, in the attempt to put them down ; an attempt which can never succeed with all the vigilance of our seamen. There is a romance in their doings as in their sufferings : disguised in the dress of the peasantry, they traverse the wildest parts of the country in the dead of night, to meet the expected boat, though the secret of its landing is known to one only, whom they follow in blind obedience. If the boat is discovered by our seamen, a light is flung into the air, or a pistol flashed off, as they term it, and she is instantly pushed off, and lost again in the darkness. If brought to close quarters they often fight desperately, though their subsequent sufferings, when wounded, are such as to beggar all description ; the necessity of secrecy is paramount to all other considerations, and surgeons cannot always be trusted. We actually *knew* one instance of a poor wounded wretch festering for weeks on a mattress, with nothing else between him and the ground, till the straw was thoroughly soaked through by the impure flowings from the wound, and fungi sprang up from the dampness. But nothing will tame them, nor can you convince them that there is any moral turpitude in their calling ; a strong instance of which we saw in an old smuggler, whose son had been shot in a fray with our seamen. The Lieutenant, as noble a being as ever served his country, begged, prayed, nay implored the old man, while the body lay stretched before him, to desist from such courses, or at least, not to bring up his remaining son to a life so perilous, but it was all in vain ; he replied, that if he had twenty sons they should do the same, and the reply was clenched with an oath too horrid for repetition. We speak of facts with which we are well acquainted, and have only softened them in our recital.

It was from these men, who in their little cock-boats bade defiance to all the vigilance of our seventy-four gun-

ships, that Buonaparte gained his intelligence during the war, and their fidelity was always found equal to their courage. But intelligence, it seems, was not the only contraband commodity that they dealt in ; they often contrived to smuggle over the French prisoners from this country, and the manner of the traffic was thus : any Frenchman, who wished to rescue his friend or his relation from English captivity, would make a bargain with the smugglers to bring him over, for a certain sum proportioned to the circumstances ; and it was seldom that they failed in their purpose ; all that they wanted for the business was the name and age of the prisoner to be rescued, together with some token to ensure his confidence. At first Dunkirk was the place allotted to them, but these "*genti terribili*," as Buonaparte terms them, grew so outrageous at last, and played such wild pranks, that he was forced to make some order for their better behaviour. A little camp was in consequence prepared for them at Gravelines, and certain limits assigned, within which their wanderings were restrained. Here they were often assembled to the number of five hundred.

Between this detail and the burning of Moscow, are many curious anecdotes that we are for the present compelled to leave untouched. Napoleon's delineations of contemporary character are admirable : Alexander, the King of Prussia, Moreau, Soult, Pozzo di Borgo, Fouché, Talleyrand, Carnot, Robespierre, Josephine, and a hundred names familiar to history, are sketched with a strong, though rapid hand, and the stamp of truth is on most of them. The murders of El Arish, and the poisoning at Jaffa are fully treated ; but these and many things of more importance we must pass over, and close our notice of this first volume with Buonaparte's account of the Russian conflagration.

"I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were

well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring. Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to shew an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eyebrows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand; out of all these I believe we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides the wretches that had been hired by

Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific the world ever beheld!"

POLYHYMNIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY*.

(London Mag. June.)

IT can no longer be a complaint of this age that English songs, without their music, are senseless and inanimate things; for within a very short period of time the most celebrated of our poets have contributed to this delightful species of poetry; and a young lady at her piano may with the turning over but a few leaves chuse for her voice a song of Moore's, or Byron's, or W. Scott's, or Campbell's. To be sure, Moore's morality and Byron's piety are two for a pair;—but in the light Scotch words of the two latter, there is all that is unexceptionable: and even in the two former, a want of meaning is certainly their last sin. It is with very sincere pleasure that we can now add the name of Montgomery to those of the illustrious lyrics we have just mentioned; and who that has read the Wanderer of Switzerland and the minor pieces of this poet, can for a moment doubt his power to be great in song? The present little work is composed of seven very beautiful songs written to foreign airs, and as we have the author's permission to publish them in the LONDON MAGAZINE, we shall take them at his word, and let them assert their own beauty:—certainly, to our taste, they have that exquisite union of tenderness, melancholy, and truth, which makes a good song perfect.

The first piece is entitled Reminiscence; it is exceedingly plaintive and unaffectedly pathetic.

REMINISCENCE.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estrang'd from me, or parted;
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea in soul my friend and brother still?
Heav'n receiv'd thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?

Love and gladness I no longer see;
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release.
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

The air is remarkable for sweetness and pathos. The accompaniment presents only chord repeated in regular succession, supporting, but not disturbing the voice, while the short symphonies are full of expressiveness.

Youth, Manhood, and Age, the next piece, is of another character; and though one in which the author is eminently successful, perhaps it is not the most fitted for song.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE.

Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heav'n and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth.
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift Time, from years their motion stealing,
Unperceiv'd hath sober Manhood brought;
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,
Tinges fancy's fairy dreams with thought;
Till the heart no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, Old Age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the scene;

Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful Eternity.

The music is a fine motivo, exalted a little from its tone of deep feeling by an accompaniment of more motion and variety than the last. These things almost rise to the level of some of Haydn's Canzonets (the most exquisite things of the kind ever written),

* Polyhymnia, or Select Airs of Celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this Work, by James Montgomery. The Music arranged by C. F. Hasse.

and may claim a place in the memory with his Despair, and the Wanderer.

The War Song is remarkable for strength, simplicity, and expression; mixing, however, no small portion of melody with its more animating qualities. The symphonies and accompaniments are characteristically plain.

"The original strain, of which the following stanzas are an imitation, was wont to be sung, with patriotic enthusiasm, by the German and Prussian soldiers, in their encampments, on their marches, and in the field of battle, during the last campaigns of the allies against Bonaparte. This Tyrtæan lyric, therefore, contributed, in its day and its degree, to the deliverance of Europe."

WAR SONG.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word!
Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake; put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On, to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone;
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in your veins.

On, to the combat, on!
Rest will be sweet anon;
The slave may yield, may fly;
We conquer or we die.

O, Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm;
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day!

Meet Again, is the subject of all subjects for music. It is almost a song that sings of itself!

MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words, we meet again!
Love's own language comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting;
Life in death to meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to day and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.
Joyful words, &c.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home.
Joyful words, &c.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heav'n at last:
Joyful words, &c.

This is set for three voices, with a solo, and a return to the trio.

There is an admirable spirit and beauty in the following.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day, when sullen darkness
lowers,
And heav'n and earth are hid from sight;
Cheer up, cheer up; ere long the op'ning
flowers
With dewy eyes shall shine in light.

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are
blowing,
O'er frozen lakes through naked trees;
Cheer up, cheer up; all beautiful and glowing,
MAY floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and
ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind;
Cheer up, cheer up; the voice of wild com-
motion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace; tho' dread artill'ry rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground;
Cheer up, cheer up; where groan'd the
field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose, with noontide fervors
beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast;
Cheer up, cheer up: grey twilight, cool
and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief
thy story;
Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;
Look up, look up; eternity and glory
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

The music is of an intense but darker character in its opening; the reverse of the movement of which Meet Again consists. This air has a similar, but more marked division. Here also the composer, or the adapter, has shown his knowledge of effect in the accompaniment.

The home truth of *The Pilgrimage*, which follows is delightful. We could wish that English songs should be distinguished by, and valued for, this character.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

How blest the pilgrim who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend ;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail or griefs impend.
Care flies before his footsteps, straying
At day break o'er the purple heath,
He plucks the wild flow'rs round him playing,
And binds their beauties in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves ;
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire ;
Yea, though the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer by his ev'ning fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he lov'd forsakes his view,
Sweet is affection's voice replying,
" I follow soon," to his " adieu :"
Nay then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end,
Happy the man, whom Heav'n hath given
In life and death a faithful friend.

It is a bass sostenuto song, expressive and elegant. The passages are cast into the best parts of the voice. It reminds us of the *Qui sdegno* of Mozart, though the resemblance is in the style, not in the melody. There is a second part for two tenors, which adds a variety to its intrinsic beauty.

The last piece, *Aspirations of Youth*, is the call of Genius to Glory, which can only be truly heard through the air of poetry. With infinite spirit and truth is combined a feeling which carries the invocation to the heart. We should think that this little piece beautifully sung would waken a slumbering mind to its fullest energies.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil,
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,
Through the path of duty.
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hand together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather :
O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Draw our souls in union.
To our father's house above,
To the saints' communion ;
Thither ev'ry hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The music consists of an animating strain, like the *War Song*. The succeeding verses are in the nature of variations, which are introduced either upon the melody itself, or into the accompaniment, and each is concluded with a chorus—a repetition of the last bars of the air with a different accompaniment.

Having thus given every word of this interesting publication, our readers may suppose that they need not see the work elsewhere ; but if they suppose that, admiring it, they can do without the music, they are mistaken. The words are so married to the music that in reading they seem to pine for that voice which gives them feeling, force, and spirit. The airs are beautifully selected, and most skilfully arranged ; and we only wish that Mr. Hasse, who by this work so forcibly proves his power, would not stay here,—but, seeking other melodies, and inspiring his present companion, would lay other delightful songs at the feet of Polyhymnia.

RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC, AND HIS FIVE WISHES.

No. III.

(European Mag. April.)

THE SILVER MINE OF ZELLER-FELD.

"And what news from the Kingdom of Subterraneous Darkness and airy hope?—What says the Swart Spirit of the Mine? - - - Such adventures become a gallant Knight better than a humble Esquire,—to rise on the wings of the night-wind,—to dive into the bowels of the Earth."

The Antiquary.

AFTER all the thousand similies, which have been made of human life, perhaps there is not a better than that which likens it to a journey. The reason of this is two-fold: it resembles a travel, first, because we are every day moving onwards to its completion, and consequently we every day lessen the distance which we have to go; and secondly, because the prospect around us is ever changing, sometimes suddenly, and sometimes imperceptibly. In the march of life this is also continually the case; for that which attracted the fancy of childhood, is, in general, no longer looked upon by youth, any more than the pleasures of our juvenile days form the enjoyments of manhood, or the contemplations of advancing age. Such likewise is a journey: perchance at our first setting out, we look upon a level country in high cultivation; then by degrees, the richly party-coloured fields swell into verdant uplands; which afterward rise into dark hills, and these are subsequently exchanged for mountains that seem to embrace the horizon, as the Persians believe those of Kaf surround the world. But the prospects which we behold, while upon our travels, do not always pass away with such a gradual alteration of feature; nor do the events of our lives always glide down into each other, by such undistinguished degrees. No! in the former instance, we often arrive at some stage, where the whole face of nature changes from beauty to wilderness, or from waving forests and corn-fields to rocks and the sea-shore; and in like manner, a single hour will often prove sufficient to alter the whole character of our lives, and to bring us into scenes and situa-

tions, that are totally different from any which we have been previously connected with.

I know not if every impatient and romantic man be possessed of the same feelings, but with me, the moment that one adventure is achieved, or one wish is gratified, my mind is immediately thrown into a state of violent excitation, until my new desire be also fulfilled. Nay, even at the very time when those inclinations are being complied with, I feel in a continual fever of anxiety, until my gratification be put beyond the reach of accident, and I am certain that all which I had anticipated has been performed. From these premises it will be deduced, that after I had descended from the aerial voyage described in my last paper, France was no longer the country for me; since I panted to view the subterranean regions of the world, and pass into those profound caverns, which many wise and good characters have believed to contain a race of beings, that are neither angels nor men. The great Coal Mine at Leige, the splendid Silver Mine at Salsebery, in Sweden, and the amazing depths of the Diamond Mines of Golconda, were all considered for election in my own mind; but my choice was at length fixed by hearing a provincial ballad, relative to the Silver and Copper Mines in the Harz District in Hanover. This brought to my recollection, a thousand supernatural legends, concerning the beautifully romantic nation of Germany; and I conceded a part of my original wish as to the depth of the Mine itself, in favour of the wild adventures with which I might chance to meet, in the subterranean Metal-chambers of Clausthal, Zellerfeld, or Rammelsburg. There, thought I, as I revolved the subject over in my own mind, there is the country of spirits; land and water; flood, mountain, and forest; fire and air have all in the ancient Hercynia their appropriate genii. Waldebock, Schaltenmanu, Rilbezharl,

and the hosts of friendly and malignant Dwarfs which haunt the stony vaults of Walkenreid, and the metallic caverns of the Blockberg, all these, and many a legion beside, have ever made Germany their most favoured abode ! Yes, there will I direct my course ; too late indeed to see the midnight revels on the summit of the Brocker, but not too late to view the enchanted tower of Scharzfeld, the moon-light wolf-hunts of Stiege, the magic stones of Reinstein, and to hear the terrific horn of the wild Jazer, who is fated to ride with fiends through the Harz Forests, until time shall be no more ! As Zetla is a place so distant from the seats of learning, and so cut off as it were from all intercourse with other countries, it may be a matter of surprise how I became acquainted with the principal superstitions of the Germans ; although it will readily be imagined how they became fixed in my memory after they were once made known to me. The truth however is, that my early life, when it was not engaged in more active pursuits, very much resembled those of Edwin in Beattie's Minstrel, and Brian, the wizard Priest of a later poet. In the first instance, the words of the former bard were almost a paraphrase of those uttered by the inhabitants of the Zetland Isles, at my study, abstraction, and variable disposition, from all which causes I received the name of Raymond the Romantic.

" He was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye,
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad ;
And now he laugh'd aloud, though none knew why.
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, and bless'd the lad ;
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd
him mad."

In the second place, my studies, although of a nature far superior even to those of the most learned in Zetland, were frequently blended with that mystic and unprofitable kind of lore, which, while it is wholly founded in error, nevertheless leads us onward shuddering as we read, to pursue it through all its abstract details, till the mind receives a strong and invincible attachment for the mysterious, the romantic, and the

wonderful. I had, even at an early age, become acquainted with the library of an old German alchemist of North-Maven, in which I found an astonishing collection of ancient authors on magic, from Albumazar, Cornelius Agrippa, and Albertus Magnus, down to Scott, Founan, and Lilly. With such a mind, then, and with such an opportunity of gratifying it, it will be conceived with what ardour I perused

" Whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride."

Such were the means by which I was led to a close acquaintance with the literature of superstition.

I could not describe, if indeed it were relevant to the story, the journey which I made from Paris to the tower of Goslar, in Hanover ; since according to those feelings which I have already attempted to delineate, the time and space which intervened, I passed over like a feverish trance, wherein many images rise before us, but none that remain fixed on the memory, or convey any instruction to the mind. In compliance with the usual custom, I provided myself at Goslar, with a miner's habit for the convenience of descending and examining the Silver Mines at Zellerfeld. This consisted of a short dark-coloured coat, with trowsers of the same nature, dark brown leather boots, and a low fur cap. The machines and engines, connected with the Mines, are spread out for a vast extent above the ground, and are girdled in either by a series of bleak and barren hills, or else by the gloomy verdure of a part of the ancient Hercynian Forest, whose grandest remains are to be found in the Harz District. It was then, on the morning of a day unusually dreary and overclouded, that I advanced towards the gassel, or out-works of the Zellerfeld Silver Mines, in search of a guide to conduct me into their depths, and through the many chambers into which they are divided. As I arrived at the place, there met me one habited in the manner I have already described, and bearing a miner's gad or pickaxe upon his shoulder. His appearance, which of itself was sufficiently rude and fero-

cious, was rendered yet more so by such a dress ; while from beneath the miner's cap there looked out a face of a swarthy red colour, wearing a sarcastic scowl, and shaded by long locks of hair, mustachios, and beard of a ruddy brown hue. I shall never have forgotten that face, even if it had not been connected with my extraordinary adventures at Zellerfeld ; for one so perfect in cunning, so marked with misanthropy, so wild in expression, and yet wearing such a careless and contemptuous smile, (though I have looked upon and studied some thousands of faces,) I have never seen before, nor shall I ever look upon again. From Hans Sebastian Helevig, the old German alchemist already mentioned, I had acquired in my youthful days a knowledge, not only of the sacred and classical languages, but also of several of the modern tongues, and more especially of those which are connected with the dialect of the Zetland Isles ; namely, the Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and German, so that it was without difficulty that I understood and entered into discourse with this mysterious, but to me interesting stranger. As we approached nearer each other, I heard that he was singing a portion of an ancient ballad in praise of Germany, made as I should suppose about the time of the Emperor Maximilian I.

"Oh ! Germany, oh ! Germany,
Thy name afar is known ;
The land that sprites and chivalry
Have destin'd for their own :
And glory through thy country shines,
And glory is below,
For no such court, and no such mines
The world again can shew !

"Hail friend !" said I, as he drew near me, "I am searching for a guide to the Mines ; will you become my conductor ?"

"Aye, if you bear a stout heart and a steady head," replied the miner ; "for I care not to show the Treasury of Zellerfeld to a coward or an idiot."

"Fear not me," I answered, "wherever you can lead I can follow ; I have been in equal hazards ere now, though I am not of Germany."

"Come on then," was the unceremonious answer, "and if seeing the won-

ders of the earth-caves can delight you, why, there's not a miner in Westphalia can show you a tenth of what I can : I'm called by my fellows, Rudenfranck, the Red Devil of Zellerfeld, perchance, because I dare venture somewhat farther than they—but no matter, they know their own reasons."

As he spoke, a scowling kind of smile passed over his countenance, such as would well have suited the very being he had spoken of ; however, it was now too late to recede, and we advanced towards the Mine-works together. There are three different ways of entering the Silver Mines of Zellerfeld ; the first is by what is there called an adit, which is a long and large trench, constructed of timber, used for carrying off the waters, admitting the air, and removing the poisonous metallic vapours so common in those places. The second way of going into the Mines is by a series of short ladders, leading down the shaft to the galleries beneath ; and at the foot of each of these, are a few boards placed as a stage to rest upon. The third method, which is by far the least fatiguing, and which I adopted, the better to examine the earth in my descent, is by one of the cars or buckets which bring up the ore, and which are raised and lowered by means of a horse-engine, under the conical Gapel which is built above the Mine-pit. Before we entered the car, my guide procured a lighted flambeau from the men, who were stationed at the top of the Mine to manage the horse ; and then stepping into the basket, which hung freely in the air over an obscure and immense abyss, he motioned to me to follow him. It was with my usual feelings of a delightful, yet hazardous and uncommon enterprise, that I took my place beside Rudenfranck in the bucket ; and as soon as we were both seated, he began to sing in a loud and rude voice, which was fearfully reverberated from all sides of the gulf, and which was answered with corresponding tones by those whom we had left above.

DUETT OF THE ZELLERFELD MINERS.

Rudenfranck.

Unwind—Unwind to the deeps profound,
Where glittering metals in darkness glow ;

First Miner.

Sink ye now, through the opening ground,
Into the shades of the world below.

Rudenfrank.

Through the shaft has the car descended,
Widely is spreading earth's gloomiest dew.

First Miner.

Shake the chain, when the voyage hath ended,
To shew ye have landed in safety then.

Rudenfrank.

Downward, downward still we are steering,
Light is less o'er our heads appearing.

First Miner.

Half of the chain to the deeps hath run,
Soon will your voyage to the Mine be done!

The flame of Rudenfrank's torch gleamed ruddily upon the variously coloured strata that appeared in the earth as we descended; while the light, which showed through the top of the shaft, soon decreased to a star, and at length vanishing wholly away, we were left in the most terrific darkness. As we lost the perception of light, we also lost the power of distinguishing sounds, for I no longer heard the hoarse voice of the shaft-man echoed down the cavity. As we continued to go still lower, I could occasionally perceive that Rudenfrank's torch showed many a beautiful piece of micaceous ore; and sometimes it appeared as though my sight penetrated, through the earth, to a mass of treasure glowing in the more remote parts of the rocky chasm. Sometimes too, and that at a great depth from the surface of the ground, I saw the roots of various kinds of forest-trees; which here and there thrust out an arm, and which looked as if they had been hurled downwards to their present station, either when the Harz Forest was first taken by the German Emperors, or at the universal deluge which overthrew all things. Such appearances made me turn to my guide for an explanation, and he replied in the following terms:

"Zellerfeld Silver Mine was discovered in 1070. It stands six miles to the south south-west of Goslar, in the Principality of Grubenhagen, and the circle of Lower Saxony. All men know that this Mine is one of the richest in Westphalia, since silver to the yearly amount of 20,000 crowns is coined out of its bowels: but few besides yourself have seen, that, in its yet unknown chambers, there is gold enough to make

the poorest miner in the Harz richer than all the kings of the earth. Sometimes, the spirits who make the metals, show them to strangers; and sometimes they mock and frighten them by throwing a handful of red-hot gold at them. As for these trees, they came here when the German Freebooters and the Forest Geister (Forest Ghosts) were the only inhabitants of the Black Forest, when revels, and murders, and phantoms, and demons, and men who were more than either, led the poor earth such a life as she has not yet recovered: and now the proverb goes, that "there's more wood underground in Rammelsburg, than in all the city of Goslar."

We had now been descending for a considerable time, and I was in continual expectation of arriving at the termination of our journey, when the noise of several impetuous torrents broke upon my hearing. Although these falling waters seemed to surround us on every side, they were unseen, but their roaring and dashing encreasing every moment, I began to feel that it was possible that my guide might deserve the diabolical name, which his companions had given him, and that he being really a fiend in human form had lured me into these deeps, and was now about to recompense my unlawful curiosity by dashing me down the mine-shaft, or by hurling me into the subterranean waterfalls. When these fears were at their height, the bucket suddenly stopped, and we passed under a large dark arch where Rudenfrank extinguished his torch, and we were left in the Zellerfeld caverns without a sparkle of light. It was scarcely a moment from the putting out of the torch, which left us in the most impenetrable darkness, to our suddenly entering a large and splendid hall, surrounded by arches of rock glittering most brilliantly with silver mica, and filled with innumerable lights, which show so effulgently in the metallic chamber, that I was unable to look with steadiness upon the glorious spectacle. Around the hall were several spacious galleries containing multitudes of miners at work, with each his light before him glowing in the ore which he was digging, and

refracting a variety of prismatic colours in the metallic rock. Through the floor of the hall ran a stream of clear water, which showed in its dark mirror the whole scene in all its glories: nor did the place appear like a fairy palace, all beauty and wretchedness, and loveliness, and silence; for there was a complete subterranean city, in which men and cattle were employed as actively and as naturally, as ever I beheld them upon the upper ground. In this Silver City of Zellerfeld, there were also fires and lamps placed in the avenues or streets which led from the grand square to the miner's dwellings, and the various houses of entertainment, which were established there; and as these buildings were at the time when I visited the Mine, constructed of the same micaceous rock as the Mine itself, the beauties of the place seemed unbounded and inconceivable. Nor let any one suppose that this subterraneous region was silent. No! for independently of the continual sound of the workmen's gads striking against the rocks, there were also to be heard the song, the shout, the jest, and the tale echoed back from the various bands of miners who were at work in the different galleries; and the rushing sound of the distant waterfalls, gave a romantic and pleasing harmony to the whole.

When I had for some time looked upon this scene in silence, my guide drew me on one side, and said in an undertone:

"Well, now if you have the courage you spake of: descend with me down yonder chasm, and I'll show you a Mine as much beyond this, as the Castle of Sondershausen is beyond a shepherd's hovel."

"What," returned I, "is not this then the famous Mine of Zellerfeld?—Where then is the other?"

"Below the mortal earth," replied Rudenfranck sarcastically, "where should it be? Did not the Dwarfs fly here for safety, when the Black Forest was invaded? and do not they make the metals which these slaves toil after, to make slaves of ten thousand more?"

"In the name of Heaven," cried I with fervour, "who art thou, who art

so familiar with this race of spiritual beings?"

"That matters not," replied he, "but come, make your election—descend, Raymond Mortlake, where no foot ever yet descended, or lose the only chance Heaven will afford you of gratifying your unbounded curiosity. There's not another miner in all Germany can show you what I can."

His decided manner, his addressing me by my name, the consciousness which I had that he must be a spiritual being, and the novelty of my situation, all together completely overcame me, and I sank down in a fainting fit on the floor of the Mine. Upon recovering my senses, from the bright light which shone around me, I thought that I was still in the Great Chamber of the Zellerfeld Silver Mine; but after a short time, I discovered that it was not only a perfectly different place, but also that it was occupied by a different race of beings. The apartment, if so I may call it, into which I had been conveyed, was formed of solid polished silver, disposed in the most elegant arches, columns, pillars, and galleries; while, in the interstices of the architecture, there appeared all the many varieties of silver which is found in the earth. There might be seen the capillary silver, spreading out its long slender stems from a rich vase, placed in a niche: then there was the aborescent, or tree silver, flourishing in large branches in a whole garden formed of the same precious shrubs: the gauze, or the spider's web silver was hung in rich curtains behind the arches of the hall; while native silver in rock, and micaceous silver ore, and silver dust, lay piled in large and glittering treasures on every side. On one side of the hall there appeared to be a large laboratory, in which, on entering, I found a multitude of swarthy deformed Dwarfs; all employed in combining, analysing, and melting, roasting, washing, and boiling the pure silver, with earths of various descriptions. Furnaces, crucibles, mortars, mills, and engines of all sorts, were being actively worked by these subterranean Alchemists; and flames of a thousand different colours were seen

rising from their fires. There were also many other Dwarfs, seemingly of a different species, who were despatched from time to time either with loads of new-made ore, or else with a thick white veil shaped like a balloon, with which they ascended, and soon after caused it to explode in the air. Sometimes these inferior Dwarfs rose in a thin envelope of pale flame, which were also heard to explode; and sometimes they would mount upward, bearing a piece of ignited ore, which would exhale such poisonous metallic fumes, that they almost caused me to fall down in a state of suffocation. The whole of these processes were conducted in profound silence; nay, even the very action of the machines, the grinding, the pounding, and the hammering, were performed without the noises usually attendant upon such operations; and I had not heard one sound by which I could ascertain my own existence, till Rudenfranck exclaimed:

"How now?—said I well, Raymond Mortlake? Is not this the true Mine of Zellerfeld? The idiots above ground are toiling for they know not what: let them dig deeper and be wiser."

It was not without a feeling of disgust at my companion, and a shuddering as I addressed him, that I replied, "And what are these, whose labours are confined to such deeps as mortal never visits."

"These," said Rudenfranck, "are the Metal-makers and Mine-dwarfs, who perform all the offices of your race in nine years; never witnessing old age nor its attendant miseries; but live, generate, and die in the treasure chambers of the earth."

"And those who flew upwards," I answered, "what were they?"

"The Ore-carriers, and the Fire-damp, and the Balloon, and the Vapour-sprites: but come, Raymond Mortlake,

if you will be an immortal Miner, sign your name in this register, and leave the upper world and its poverty for the boundless riches of the Mines."

As he spake he held towards me a large volume, bound in massive silver, with a pen, but at that moment the whole force of my character returned to me, and dashing the book from me, I cried,

"No! by the power that made me! —No! and if, perchance, my vain and romantic wishes should have placed me in the power of a fiend, my repentance will carry me beyond him, and my resistance shall foil his temptations."

I can scarcely tell what followed, but I saw Rudenfranck wave his hand over his head and say, "Come, for it is done," and immediately one of the Fire-damp spirits rose in the air, a loud explosion succeeded; I again sank senseless on the ground, and remember no more. Upon my recovery I found myself in a miner's hut, but above ground, and several workmen belonging to the Mine were standing round me, using various methods for my recovery. From these humane labourers, I was informed that soon after my entrance into the mine, a thick white vapour, which they term balloon, had exploded; that it had blown up a part of the mine which had been supposed to be haunted, and had been long since disused; and that I had been wounded and thrown down by not having properly avoided the gaseous discharge. All this was unintelligible to me, for neither the time nor the circumstances agreed with what I had seen and heard; but my wonder was greatly increased, when they told me, that no one was seen to enter the bucket with me when I first descended; and that the youngest miner in Westphalia had heard of, and feared to encounter, *Rudenfranck, the Red Devil of Zellerfeld.*

THE CELEBRATED RACE-HORSE, ECLIPSE.

We copy the following article of Animal Biography, unprecedented in the annals of the turf, from the Monthly Magazine for May.

NEITHER the ancient Hippodrome nor modern race-course can furnish perhaps so splendid an example of superior powers as does the annals of the famous race-horse *Eclipse*, whose performances were of a description that rendered competition useless with the horses of his day; and his pre-eminence was such, that he at last was suffered quietly to receive his laurels by walking over the ground, where no rival appeared to dispute his matchless claim. The bones of this famous horse are now to be sold, and would be a valuable acquisition to the hall or hunting stables of any nobleman or gentleman desirous of making so splendid and highly curious appendage to his establishment, since they must ever excite a share of interest and curiosity. They are also useful as an unexceptionable model on which to calculate speed in horses; and, if there be any increase or falling-off of bone in length or size, in the future breeds of our race-horses, it can be readily ascertained, and in what degree, by his remains. They also can alone afford us a knowledge of the peculiar make and *tournure* which the bones of this extraordinary animal possess, and which no description or pencil, however guided, could fully give.

The following is a brief outline of some of the circumstances of his life, & an enumeration of his brilliant exploits.

He was foaled in Sussex, in the stud of the Duke of Cumberland, our late revered king's uncle, and the hero of Culloden.—On the death of the Duke of Cumberland, his stud in Sussex was sold off; and the *Eclipse* colt, then a yearling, was purchased by a sporting Smithfield salesman, for the sum of seventy-five guineas. An incident attended his sale which is worth relating, as his life might have been in other hands of perhaps quite another description, and with none of that splendor which followed him, so much depends upon the characters of men as well as of the things themselves. Mr. Wildman, (for that was the name of the Smith-

field amateur,) having the young colt in view, arrived at the place of sale some minutes after the auction had commenced, and the *Eclipse* colt, being placed among the early lots, had been actually knocked down for seventy guineas, and sold. This spirited lover of the sport was not however to be daunted by this untoward circumstance from an attempt to gain him; and, referring immediately to his stop-watch, of trusty workmanship, he declared in the face of the company and the auctioneer, that the time the bills had stated for the commencement of the sale had not arrived, and insisted boldly that every lot should be put up again. The auctioneer, well knowing the stiffness of his man, and unable to disprove the allegation, thought proper to comply; and to save the trouble and time of the company, it was finally agreed that such lots as he required should be put up again; and *Eclipse* was once more put up, and a second time knocked down at the sum of seventy-five guineas, being an advance of five on his former sale.

This remarkable horse was also not without portentous events on the day of his birth, for he was foaled on the very day of the great eclipse of the sun, on the first of April, 1764, and hence he very naturally acquired his name, which from this accidental circumstance is now become in our language almost synonymous to swiftness and speed; as coaches, ships, steamboats, and all other sorts of vehicles, having any distinguishing pretensions to velocity, are all now called *Eclipses*, arising out of this casual circumstance.

After the period of his sale, he was kept chiefly in the neighbourhood of Epsom; and, from some cause or other not now exactly known, was not brought into public notice till he had attained his fifth year, which, no question, was attended with many advantages to his general strength and the state of his feet; and, for the first time, he was started on the scented turf of Epsom Downs, on May 3, 1769: he was

matched against some reputed clever horses; Gower, Chance, Trial, and Plume, were his opponents; and he distanced them every one, winning for his owner a considerable sum of money.

On this occasion at Epsom, they say, "he was pulled" the whole of the last mile with all the might of his rider, yet he distanced the whole, notwithstanding; since, for certain obvious political reasons, it was not desirable to his owner his prodigious powers should be at once disclosed.

It was after this race that Capt. O'Kelly purchased the half of him of Wildman for the sum of 450 guineas; and, after a subsequent race at Winchester, he purchased the remaining half for 110 guineas; yet, for all this was he the cheapest horse ever sold in England, having by his valuable properties of one kind or other netted for his master the prodigious sum, it is said, of 30,000*l*.

His next race was at Ascot Heath, on May 29th, of the same year, 1769, where he beat Fettyplace's *Creme de Barbade*. The betting here was eight to one on Eclipse, and, though only five, he carried away the king's plate for the six-years old horses.

His next contest was at Winchester, on June 13th following, of the particulars of which nothing more is known than his beating Turner's *Slouch*, who had won the king's plate at Guildford just before: ten to one was betted on Eclipse after the first heat. He carried away also the 50*l*. purse, beating the Duke of Grafton's *Chigger*, Gott's *Julia*, O'Kelly's *Calliban*, and Bailey's *Clanville*. On the 15th he walked over the course at the same place for 50*l*. weight for age.

At Salisbury, June 28th, no horse meeting him, he walked over the course for the king's plate for six years old, carrying twelve stone; and the next day he won the city silver bowl, with thirty guineas added, for any horse carrying ten stone, beating Fettyplace's *Sulphur*, and Taylor's *Forester*, distancing the first.

At Canterbury, July 25, he walked over for the king's plate for six years old, twelve stone.

At Lewes, July 27th, he won the

king's plate for six years old, beating *Kingston*: ten to one on Eclipse.

At Litchfield, September 19, he won the king's plate for five years old, beating Freeth's *Tardy* by Matchless: twenty to one on Eclipse.

At Newmarket first Spring meeting, (Tuesday, April 17th, 1770,) Eclipse beat *Bucephalus*, got by Regulus, of his own lineage on the dam side; this was run for on the Beacon Course. Wildman staked 600 to 400 guineas on this race, six to four on Eclipse.

On Thursday, April 19th, he won the king's plate for twelve stone, beating Strode's Pensioner, Fenwick's *Diana*, and the Duke of Grafton's *Chigger*, Pensioner being distanced at starting: ten to one on Eclipse.

At the close of this year no horse would start against him, and he received the forfeit of 600 guineas at Newmarket, the king's 100 guineas at Guildford, the king's 100 guineas at Nottingham, and 319*l*. 10*s*. beside.

At Yorkshire races in this year, 1770, two horses were brought against him, Tortoise and Bellario, bred by the noted Sir Charles Bunbury. Eclipse was more than a distance at the end of two miles, and won the race with the utmost ease.

At Lincoln he carried away 150 guineas, and again at Newmarket 100 *g*.

Eleven king's plates, in all, were won by Eclipse; and the weight he carried was twelve stone, except for one, which was ten stone.

His colour was a light chesnut, or sorrel-chesnut, the off hind leg white from near the top of the shank to the foot, a white blaze also from his forehead to his nose. His exact height has no where been stated that I have seen; but, those who have seen him living, guessed his height to have been fifteen hands and a half. The best portrait of him is done by the masterly hand of Stubbs, to whose extraordinary merits and undeserved neglect we have to bear a sad testimony.

This famous horse was not only the best that ever this country saw as a racer, but he was no less so as a stallion, for his progeny, by their feats upon the course, won 844 races, producing to their owners the extraordinary sum of

one hundred and fifty-eight thousand pounds, various smaller sums and forfeits not included.

His exact speed was never known, as no horse could be found to call forth his extreme pace. His collateral ancestor, Flying Childers, was supposed to have done a mile in a minute; if this be admitted, and it were possible he could continue such a pace without intermission, he would, in eight days and nights, measure the belt and circumference of the whole earth, and arrive in his stable again, if no obstacle opposed him, before the ninth night. The circumference of the globe, from the most correct computation, is stated at 25,855 miles.

If we examine his make in the portrait, as well as in the skeleton, the most marked difference is in his croup, which stands particularly high, owing to the length of his hind limbs; and his thigh bones are, for a blood-horse, of an enormous size, which, if provided with proportionate muscle and energy, must give him great superiority. It was also remarked in his gallop, that his hind legs were very wide and separated; the width of the haunch bones and pelvis, which also partook of this increased volume, would account

sufficiently for this appearance, the hind legs being parallel columns from the haunch, and not approaching upwards, as do the fore limbs.

His fore feet were dropped in the hoofs and foundered, and his coffin bones were very much rounded and diminished by absorption from undue pressure upon the sole. He was thick winded, probably from some error or exposure in his bringing up. He died at Canons on the 28th of February, 1789, of the gripes, at the age of twenty-five years; and cakes and ale were given at the funeral of his flesh, after the manner of the Godolphin Arabian; for his skin was preserved, and his bones were nicely cleared of every covering but the ligaments that held them together, by the masterly hand of Sainbel, the first professor of the Veterinary College, and an excellent anatomist, as which, more than in any thing else, he excelled. Sainbel has stated, in his work on Eclipse, that his heart weighed fourteen pounds,—a remarkable size for a blood horse.

His bones, contained in a case at Mr. Bullock's, are now offered for sale for one hundred guineas, Mr. Bullock of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, having the disposal of them.

LETTER FROM THE CITY OF NAPLES.

(English Magazines, June.)

Naples, 22d Dec. 1821.

ON quitting the health office, which building is better known under the name of L'Immacolata, we elbowed our way along a terrace open to the port to the well known Strada Molo, which is certainly one of the most singular streets in Europe, and here we felt ourselves once more in Naples. It would be impossible to give a description that should do justice to this spot; we know it well, and we are aware that no sketch from our pens could convey to the mind of the stranger any idea of its hurry and confusion, its noise, its lengthened farce and caricature, or rather not caricature but nature in a whimsical and antic dress; a few words, however, may recall to the memories of those who have visited

this spot some of its half-forgotten scenes. The Strada Molo runs from the Largo del Castello down to the mole, being the grand passage to that primitive and national theatre; it is formed on one side by the Castello Nuovo, a large dark castle with a broad fosse; and, on the other side, by as incongruous a row of houses as one may desire to see. It is a broad street: in descending towards the sea, you have the high lanterna of the molo, the ships, a little of the bay, and the mountain of Vesuvius in view; in ascending towards Toledo, you see a green hill rising close behind the city, capped by the white and many-windowed monastery of San Martino, and the old frowning castle of Sant Elmo, (or more properly Sant Eremo;) either way

the views are picturesque, and the place is altogether open and pleasant.

On one side of this street, under the castle are ranged stalls of old clothes men, venders of old copper, jewellery, and watches "made to sell;" merchants who deal in every variety of rusty locks and keys, pistols without locks, knives without handles, pewter, copper, iron and wooden spoons, saucepans, gridirons, screws, nails, curiosities, and antiquities *made in the newest way*, and a vast variety of other wares. Formerly, almost every stall had an assortment of old stilettos, but now it is not permitted to sell them. On the other side, you get among much more dignified personages; here are the Carva Mole (or tooth drawers) flourishing their enormous pincers, and displaying a large board, something like a Mexican's shield, covered with tusks of every shape and size, rent from the jaws of hapless Lazzaroni; just by is a still more important character,—a mountebank hoisted on a tottering table, flanked by a large open case of bottles, of various colours, each a specific for a thousand diseases, and a picture representing the marvellous cures he has performed,—and perhaps by another case containing trusses, bandages, and plasters for such as want or may want them. He is surrounded by a gaping crowd; his words flow from him "smooth, rapid, deep, and clear," one may see they cost him nothing; it is amazing how many dead, at least as good as dead, he has resuscitated by his art; it is incredible how many letters he has received from dukes and duchesses, and *celeberimi professori*, inviting him to take up his residence in a palace, or in a university, and how he has refused them all—all; preferring to sell bottles and plasters in the Strada Molo, and to cure Lazzaroni, Marinari, and Calessieri, of incurable diseases, at ten or fifteen grains a head. He proudly displays his power over the brute creation, by twisting long live serpents round his arms and neck, and also, "not to speak it profanely," by making the by-standers open their mouths and their pockets, and gaze at him in a stupor of credulity and astonishment.

A little farther on, just by the post-office, under the shade of a tattered boat-sail, sits a man of letters, with a pen in his hand, an inkhorn, an iron snuff-box, containing the true *erba santa*, and some white (that is to say, rather white) sheets of paper before him. We have frequently walked up to him, at times played the eavesdropper, and have had occasion to smile at the variety of subjects which pass under this good man's pen, for he is one of a multitude who assist with their literary abilities those who have not happened to cultivate the art of writing. This poor fellow sits here, ill sheltered from wind and weather, and scribbles and gossips away from morning till night, and covers a whole sheet of paper for five grains. The versatility of his talent is kept in continual exercise; he now listens to a tight *donnetta*, and having dispatched her letter of tender, or reproaching, or despairing love, turns round to a haggard old woman who is overflowing with ire, and who bursts out into complaints of debts not paid, and menaces of a prison; when that is done, perhaps his ear is filled and his hand arrested by a *galantuomo* who makes excuses for debts he cannot pay, and promises to pay very soon; his facile pen returns thanks for a bundle of *caccio-cavallo*,* or runs through a letter of compliments which is to accompany a basket of real *Moccaroni della Costa*, and then prepares to follow the story which a sturdy *paesano* is ready to pour into his listening ear, that he has sold his master's pigs, and bought the calesso, and will return, without fail, on the second day after the festa di San Gennaro. All this is delivered in pure unorthographical Neapolitan; nor does the business always pass off currently; frequent doubts and difficulties are proposed to the scribe by the persons who employ him, and who are not quite satisfied that he has expressed their meaning with precision and force; this elicits various explanations on his side, when the com-

* Caccio-cavallo is a dry salt cheese, made of goat or sheep's milk. The best maccaroni is made on the shores of the Bay of Naples, at the Terre dell' Annunziata, near Pompeii, at the most celebrated manufactory.

mon reply, "non dubitate," fails of its effect.

From these spectacled sages, we are called away by the sounds of cracked trumpets, and crazy long drums, interrupted at intervals by the shrill voice of Polcinello, inviting passers by, with jokes two hundred years old, just to step into his Teatrino (about as large and clean as a blacksmith's shop) and to see all its wonders at the very reasonable price of three grains; near this is a strapping wench in trowsers and a short red jacket, sawing across a squeaking fiddle with a long bow (of the same odd shape as those which Luca Giordano and Solimeno put in the hands of their fiddling angels), and a little hump-backed gentleman blowing a clarionet; pictures divided into squares are suspended behind; in one compartment there is a fair lady lifting up a donkey by her hair, and in another, a troop of dapper horses and horsemen passing between her legs. A few doors off is a show of Marionettes, where the invitations are equally clamorous; and, next to that, is an iron bedstead maker, who, if possible, makes still more noise. Opposite is a famous *lolyop* maker, dabbing, beating, and screwing out the glutinous mass, to the no small temptation of a crowd of children, and Lazzaroni and Lazzarone, who are children also in their affection for sweets, as in most other particulars. Here too there is generally an old woman singing, accompanied by an old man playing the fiddle; the subject of the songs, and of the grotesque paintings on a large board just by, are the miracles of some Madonna, some one among thousands; the music, the poetry, and the pictures are very odd, but very well adapted to each other, and to the people to whom they are directed. Here and there you see various curious groupings; as, for instance, in one place a celebrated operator, surrounded by four or five fellows, from whose jackets or coats he is cleaning the grease and other impurities by means of a marvellous composition which is contained in little phials;—venders of maccaroni, polpetti, stufato, &c., some of whom possess a shop in a cellar, but the greater part

display their kitchen in the street, and cook over their charcoal fires the precious morsels of life: they ladle out their maccaroni, and their customers seize and dispatch it in a moment; they make no account of the modern luxuries of plates and spoons, or knives and forks; they catch up a handful, lift the long slippery strings up in the air, open their capacious mouths, and adroitly introducing them, let them slide down their throats: and when all is over, with a deep sigh, partly from satisfaction, and partly from regret that the good things are so soon gone, they walk off, looking round as they go, with an air of superiority, upon the poor rogues standing by who have not four grains to do the like, and then each with a grain or two that is still left him, directs his steps to a cantina just at hand, where two or three share a carafa of wine between them, of course, without the use of glasses; and if they are particularly expert, their method is to reverse the bottle in the air, and catch the red stream in their mouths as it descends; this they do almost without spilling a drop, and by some means, instantly stop the current when they have drunk their share.

By the doors of the cantini, one hears at nearly all hours vehement cries of quattro, nove! cinque! sette! &c. these proceed from Lazzaroni playing at La Motra, a primitively simple game, but which still is not without its flats and its sharps, its adroit and its maladroit. It is thus performed: two players close their hands, raise them above their heads, and bringing them rapidly down again, open as many of their fingers as they think fit; each guesses at the aggregate number, and both cry out at the same moment, and while their hands are descending. Twelve, sixteen, or twenty is game; the one who guesses right gains a point, of which he keeps account by opening a finger of his left hand, which is always held up in the air. The principal beauty and advantage of the game is, that continual disputes arise between the players about the numbers they have cried, which are frequently difficult to decide, as they both bawl out together and form

one voice ; or whether one or the other has not opened or closed a finger or so after the numbers were called. These trifling differences of opinion are referred to the by-standers, who sometimes decide according to their partialities, *sometimes* according to justice, but not infrequently fall by the ears among themselves upon the point in dispute ; so that it is very common to see the game end in a general squabble, in which case, faces and arms are clawed and bit, shins kicked, large stones caught up, and spittle and bad words distributed *con brio*. When the fracas is at its height, some little dirty police officer interposes his authority, the disturbance ends, and in ten minutes after, the fierce combatants may be seen kissing one another, or walking along with the arm of one thrown over the other's neck, in all imaginable amity.

On each side of the street are large tables, covered with aquavitæ, terragli (a sort of biscuit,) coarse sweetmeats, rosolio, &c. On each of these tables are placed one or two enormous horns, painted and gilt, as ornaments. The Neapolitans are "vastly fond of the horns ;" besides being exhibited on these plebeian tables, they are very often stuck up in the halls, or even in the gallerie di compagnia of the nobility ; they always grace the apothecaries' and barbers' shops ; and, in short, there are few houses in Naples destitute of these elegant ornaments.

At short distances there are droll old barbers with a couple of chairs, and the apparatus which they employ in the exercise of their mystery, scraping rough black beards that would turn an edge of adamant : one sees, every now and then, a Lazzarone grinning fiercely through his suds ; but as there is something *piquant* in this operation we must describe it. The patient pays a grain before-hand, takes off a coat or jacket, that is to say if he has one (those gentlemen not being always embarrassed with that encumbrance,) which he hangs at the back of the chair, and then sits down ; the operator ties a large rough cloth of a variety of tints, black, red, and yellow, round the neck of the sufferer, and

puts a tin soap-basin, something like Mambrino's helmet, in his hands ; then pouring a little water into it, makes a lather with his fingers, which he daubs over the chin, mouth, nose, and ears of the wight who wants to lose his beard ; then grasping his razor, proceeds to the serious part of the work. The operation is enlivened by a variety of complaints and retorts. "Ah, managgio me fui male !" "Ma per San Gennaro hai n'a barba di ferro !" "Ne, chiano, chiano !" "Non dubitate, non dubitate niente."* At length the operation is completed, the patient gets up, slides his hand across his chin, and, delighted with its unusual smoothness, goes away chuckling, and resigns his seat to another.

These are the main groupes, but there are many others of less importance, as fellows roasting and boiling chesnuts over charcoal fires, vociferating as they toss the pan or stir the fruit, "O ! che galanteria ! O ! che castagne, caudè, caudè ;"†—and Acquajoli, some fixed and some ambulatory. These are persons whose trade it is to sell water made cold with snow ; the vagrant tradesman goes running about from place to place, carrying on his back a barrel of cold water, and in one hand having a bottle of sambuco, in the other a couple of glasses ; when he meets a customer, he very actively throws his barrel on one of his knees and fills a glass. The more dignified members of this class have fixed situations ; they are furnished with a high counter, whereon are displayed oranges and lemons, bottles, glasses, &c. of various sizes, large coarse lemon squeezers made of iron, and a few other instruments ; four columns rise from the corners of the counter, which support a sort of roof, which is made very gay with flags and figures, and the whole of the apparatus is painted, and roughly and gaudily carved and gilded from top to bottom. Between the columns at each end, a barrel is hung upon swivels between columns ; these ves-

* "Ah, d—n it you hurt me." "By St. Januarius you have an iron beard." "Do not doubt—do not doubt any thing."

† *Cau de, caude, or calde, calde*. In the Neapolitan dialect the letter *c* is generally changed into *u* or *v*.

sels are ever and anon put in motion, in order to dissolve the snow which is in them, or to draw off the water for the thirsty applicants. The Acquajolo stands behind, raised on a little stool; his shirt sleeves are tucked up to his shoulders, and he has a white cotton night-cap on his head. The price of this water, which is always cold and clear, is half a grain for a large glassfull with a little sambuco or lemon juice in it; but the cunning rogues always ask foreigners the insinuating question, "La volete per un grano?" by which means a double price is generally obtained. The Acquagelata is in Naples almost a necessary of life; the Sorbetti and Gelati may be considered as luxuries; great quantities are consumed in the coffee-houses by the middling and upper classes, and as the low Neapolitans like luxuries as well as their superiors, there is a considerable number of Sorbettari in the streets; they sell a coarse sort of Sorbetto, which is served out in little cups resembling gally-pots, at a grain each; they furnish no spoons, but as the Sorbetto is almost liquid, the purchasers easily gulp it down; the cups are then returned to the vender. Here also "Punch and Judy" exhibit their tricks; their theatre and personages are just the same as those which used to amuse us in London, nearly the only difference being in the language, which is true Neapolitan.

All this goes on every day, if the weather permits; with little variation, from eight in the morning till five, in the winter, and eight in summer; the grotesque crowd never fails, the broad humour scarcely ever flags; every show, every professor, every individual we have mentioned is encircled by an admiring group. The Molo is, perhaps, still more excellent in its kind; but the Molo is only frequented in the evening, and is never *brilliant* except on holidays; whereas the Strada Molo is always busy, and always the same. The middle of the street is generally occupied by carriages and carts, and by the Corriboli and Calessi, which are whirled along with great rapidity by tough little horses, while the drivers, standing behind, crack their whips, joke

as they pass their fellows,* or show, by signs of their hands, how much they are cheating their customers of.

After making our way through this street we reach the Largo del Castello, a large piazza with a few young trees, and with a great deal of rubbish and filth in the midst: here the chief trade is the sale of old clothes, which are thrown over the wooden rails or spread out upon the ground: at this time there is a large booth on one side, where various scenes are represented by figures in wax, as large as life; the favourite performance at present is the miraculous adventure of San Gennaro in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, which is a burlesque imitation of the adventure of the prophet Daniel in the lion's den. In this square also are the two famous minor theatres, San Carlino and La Fenice, of which we shall speak at a future time. From the Largo several streets lead into the celebrated Strada Toledo, which is esteemed and boasted of by the Neapolitans as being the busiest and finest street in the world; and busy it certainly is, but much might be said against its being the finest. It is three quarters of a mile long; and though it would not be considered wide in England, it certainly is wide for a continental street; it is paved with large flags of lava from Vesuvius, and after a day of heavy rain is tolerably clean. The first view is striking; the houses or palazzi, for here every house of more than two stories is called a palazzo, are very high,—four, five, six, or even seven stories, each of which is lofty; nearly all the windows open upon balconies, and nearly all the roofs are terraced. Not one of the buildings is fine in an architectural point of view; and the ground floor of every palace, whoever may be its inmates, is turned into shops and coffee-houses, very few of which are at all respectable. The street is filled at all hours with a most motley and incongruous crowd, and is ever

* The *Corriboli* are the Neapolitan hack gigs, which always ply in the streets. The *Calessi* are country gigs without springs; their shafts generally make an aspiring angle up in the air; sometimes a second horse is put to outside of the shafts; they are nearly always sadly loaded. We have frequently seen them with three on the seat, two on the shafts, two behind, and one poor devil in a net under the body of the vehicle.

echoing with a thousand discordant voices. You do not see here mountebanks, or Punch, or Polcinello; but Acquajoli are stationed at the corner of every street, and stalls of fruit, bread, fish, flowers, and perfumery, and the counters of money-changers, disfigure both sides of the way and almost the whole length of the boasted Toledo. In the evening the number of stalls is greatly increased, and at that season the street, seen from a little above the Largo della Carita, presents a very singular vista; there is a long succession of stall-lights, more frequent and brighter than the lamps of the street; some are placed on the ground, some a little higher, and some above-head suspended to the Acquajoli; a thick dark line of carriages is continually rushing up and down, and on either side there is a waving crowd also in quick motion.

Toledo is certainly a very singular street, perhaps the most remarkable one in Europe; the superior part of the crowds that frequent it are generally better dressed and more *all' inglese* than the same class in any other city in Italy; the Signori take great pleasure in exhibiting themselves regularly in carriages, on horse-back, and on foot in Toledo: but the poor rogues are also very fond of Toledo, and generally contrive to come in for a very good share of it; the vulgar pursue their various avocations in this resort of the fashionable and the gay; cavalieri on horseback are jostled by jackasses loaded with great panniers of dung: carriages grate against carri drawn by

huge oxen, and filled with similar materials; and Signori and Lazzaroni hustle and elbow one another on foot. The crowd, which is always much the same, is spread over the whole street from side to side, and from end to end; coaches and corriboli dash on, their drivers shouting out "avante;" the crowd gives way for a moment and then closes immediately. Strangers, unused to this street, in endeavouring to escape from horses and carriages, usually run to the sides, and get in among maccaroni and fish-stalls, egg-baskets, and money-changers, and find themselves unawares at a dinner party of dirty rogues, amidst all the odours of fish-broth, garlic, grease, and God knows what besides.

We are told, and we believe it, that Naples was very much improved in appearance during the residence of the French; those who knew Naples before the venerable epoch of ninety-nine, say it can hardly be recognised, it is so much more civilized; but Lazzaroni are still found in every corner, and particularly in every place which, from its locality, its grandeur, or its size, is likely to be the resort of the better classes. In the Largo before the royal palace there is a large supply of every species of vagabond, from the porter with his basket and red sash, to the beggar, half naked, and filthy, and diseased; in fact, several of the trades hold, as it were, a general house of call; and not only the mendicants, but the understrappers in the cause of nearly every vice, volunteer their services at the same spot.

Stephensiana, No. VII.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, &c.

(Monthly Magazine, June.)

BONAPARTE, OSWALD, AND OSSIAN.

I KNEW the American Colonel Oswald. He resided in London between 1787 and 1790, and published an eloquent tract, called "the Cry of Nature," the object of which was to expose the cruelty of killing and eating animals. He was such an enthusiast in favour of liberty, that he went to Paris soon after the taking of the Bastille, and raised a corps of pikemen,

in which his two sons were officers. In 1794, when the ignorant country people of La Vendee were seduced by the arms and money of England, and led on by the arts of their priests and nobles, to raise a civil war of extermination, the zeal of Oswald carried him and his regiment among these barbarous fanatics; and in one of those bloody affairs, in which no quarter was given, this philosophical soldier and his

two sons were slaughtered, fighting at the head of their regiment.

This catastrophe was not confirmed in England for three or four years, and, in the mean time, Bonaparte began his career in Italy. The first portraits of him resembled Oswald, and several anecdotes accorded with Oswald's character. He was, in particular, represented as devoted, like Oswald, to the study of Ossian,—an edition of which he was said to carry in his pocket. These circumstances led many persons to believe that Bonaparte was no other than Oswald, under an assumed name; a pamphlet was published in proof of it, and the coincidence was believed, till Paoli and some Corsican relatives of Bonaparte came to England, and gave accounts of his family. To Ossian this great man continued attached through life: Ossian and Homer were his constant companions; and when his carriage was intercepted by the Prussians after the victory of Blucher, Bulow, and Wellington at Planchenoit and Mont St. Jean, a much-worn copy of Ossian was found in it.

THE TWO MARATS.

Other actors in the French revolution were also mistaken for other men. Thus a hundred books stated that Marat had travelled as an empiric in England; but it afterwards turned out that the Marat who so travelled continued to reside in Dublin, as a professor of the French language, for many years after his name-sake had been assassinated. A literary gentleman, who had been very active in propagating English stories of Marat, met this very person by accident at Dublin, seven years after the death of the apostle of liberty.

COSSACKS.

The name of *Cossack* is taken from the Slavonic word *Koss* (scythe). Formerly the Russian peasants used to go to war, for want of arms, with their scythes, from which they were named Cossacks,—scythemen.

MOORISH CONCEIT.

The Moors consider Spain as a country to which they still have a right to aspire; and many families in Morocco and Tetuan, as was affirmed to

me by a gentleman who had resided in the country for many years, to this day preserve the key of the houses of their ancestors in Castille, Arragon, Leon, &c. and hope to be able one day to use them again.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

A friend of mine, a man of the strictest honour, had a cause tried in a court of law, of which he had scarcely heard of his success, before a Mr. C. was announced. "I am a writer for the papers, (said he,) and have to report on your trial to-day, and conceiving you would wish it to be *properly* reported, have called to offer my services." "Of course, (said my friend,) I wish the cause, if reported, to be honestly described; but, as you so obligingly offer your services, perhaps you expect some compensation." "Oh yes! (rejoined the gentleman,) we always expect a compliment on these occasions." "*We!* (said the other,) what, are there several to be paid." "Oh, no! (replied the other,) I was the only reporter present, but we assist one another, and the compliments of this kind which we receive go to a common purse: whatever you think proper to give will be divided among seven or eight of us. Some parties give five, some ten pounds; and we sometimes get, on particular occasions, as high a compliment as fifty pounds." "Indeed! (exclaimed my friend,) and what if the parties refuse to give any thing?" "Oh, then, sir, (rejoined the gentleman,) the thing takes its course; there are, you know two ways of telling a story, and at least the speeches of the counsel always afford materials." My friend now lost his patience. "Pest and nuisance, (he exclaimed,) how many are hanged and transported for demanding money on the highway under circumstances of less turpitude; leave my house, or I will charge a constable with you." The gentleman quickly retreated, muttering as he departed. My friend, whose cause had to him been an affair of self-defence to defeat a nefarious combination, and who never before had been either plaintiff or defendant, mentioned the application of the gentleman of the press in the course of the

day, as an instance of attempted extortion. He was even offended when some of his friends shook their heads and portended mischief. He slept easy; but, on the following morning, his neighbours came running one after another with different papers, exclaiming, "Good God, sir, you are ruined! Behold the nefarious part which you are represented as having been playing. You cannot show your face in society again." On examination he found five or six different reports, varying in language, but all coloured and distorted alike; and, instead of having been the victim of a conspiracy, he was made to appear as the chief, if not the only conspirator. No assertions were made, but every thing was insinuated, and the arguments of the adverse counsel were artfully introduced as facts in the case. His attorney went to the newspaper offices, and an explanation was admitted; but all the world had read and enjoyed the original libel, while few felt any interest in reading the explanation. He suffered accordingly, and for years the libel continued to be adduced against him, to his personal annoyance and commercial injury.

One paper alone had omitted the report, and, finding that he had paid so dearly for his independence, he now sought its editor, and though he scorned to become his own reporter, yet he had the promise of this person that the perverted report should not appear. In the meantime the disappointed party in the cause (who it afterwards appeared had been applied to by the same *chevalier d'industrie*, and had paid him his retaining fee,) made application to one of the proprietors of the paper in question; and, on paying 25l. was permitted to insert his own report, which blackened my friend from head to foot. He now brought his action for defamation, but withdrew it on the proprietor giving up the names of the author, when they pro-

ved to be the very parties with whom he had had the suit. Against these scoundrels, who were bankers of fair reputation, he now re-commenced his action; but, owing to various circumstances and technicalities of lengthened detail, the question was never brought to trial, and finally he had his own expences to pay.

On another occasion, a noted courtesan pleaded her coverture as a defence against some debts of her own, by which several unsuspecting tradesmen suffered then and afterwards; and on my expressing my surprise that the circumstance never transpired in the papers, she replied, "I contrived better, I insured my character." "Aye, (said I,) where is the office, and what is the premium?" "Why, (said she,) the office was in the box of a coffee-house near Westminster-Hall, and the premium 25l. to be distributed among several gentlemen of the press for the benefit of their wives and children, and you know I love to be charitable." "Gracious Heaven, (said I) and is this the use and abuse of the press, and are these the persons who inveigh with such eloquence against corruption?"

On subsequently mentioning this nefarious system in different circles, I was told, in parliamentary phraseology, that it is as notorious as the sun at noon-day, and that the Courts of law are beset by needy scribblers, some of whom are not even connected with any newspaper, but represent themselves as reporters, or as having interest with these protectors of character, of wholesale dealers in defamation. Hence, however, it is that few men have the hardihood to defend their property in a court of law, at the double hazard of losing, not only their property, by the manœuvres of the profession, but their character also, by the manœuvres of the press. I have been told that even members of parliament, and all public men, pay tribute.

(English Magazines, &c. for June.)

ACROSTICS.—ANAGRAMS.

We have ever considered the composition of Acrostics, Double Acrostics, Anagrams, and so on, as so much

labour in vain. But, as there are some who delight in these pieces of ingenuity, it is well to present a few.

Acrostic making is most naturally

allied with adulation. When Bonaparte was in his power and glory, acrostics were made on his name, that is, verses of so many lines as there are letters in his name, so that, at the left, you see the whole name. In one of them, he is, in the first line, compared to Brutus, who threw off the royal yoke; in the second, to Octavius, who shut up the temple of Janus; in the third, with Numa, who founded religion on policy; in the fourth, with Hannibal, who beat the new path: in the fifth, with Pericles, who triumphed over the Marats of Athens; in the sixth, with the valiant Alexander; in the seventh, with Romulus, who laid the foundation of the Roman greatness; in the eighth, with Titus; and, as for the ninth line, there still remained an e, so that was made use of in *et* (and); and all these were united to form the hero.

Mr. Hutchinson, in his philosophy, has this puerile method of analysing the name of the Supreme Being. The first letter, G, shews his goodness, greatness, and government; O, his omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence; D, his duration, dignity, and distance. Again, G shows his ghostliness, gospel, and grace; O, his holiness, (for H is no letter,) oblation, and order established in the creation; D, the diversity of his works, and their design, the delight of his creatures.

Peter Le Loyer pretended to find in Homer whatever he pleased. He actually boasted, and in print, that he found there, in one single line, his Christian name, his sir-name, the name of the village in which he was born, the name of the province in which that village is situated, and the name of the kingdom of which that province is a part. (*Menage.*)

Some wiseacres, in the olden time, thought the *revival* of the term *Great Britain* fulfilled the old prediction, which went thus:

When HEMPE is spun
ENGLAND'S done!

The initials of Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth, the immediate predecessors of James, spell Hemp, including the final e in that word, as

it was usually then written: which final e stood for Elizabeth, whose reign was no sooner "*spun*" out, or completed, than James took his new *title*, and discontinued that of England, which word, England, was accordingly "*done*," or ended, as well as Scotland.

There is a conceit of this nature scratched on a window-pane at the King's Head, Dorking:

To five and five and fifty-five,
The first of letters add,
It is a thing that pleased a king,
And made a wise man mad.

An ingenious gentleman found out that, by the transposition of a few letters, Majochi, the witness against the late queen, and Jachimo, in the *Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare, were the same in name and character.

CATS.

Among the other inventions to please the town, which the celebrated Foote knew so well how to please, at the conclusion of his play of "*The Knights*," he arranged a feigned concert of vocal music between two cats, in burlesque of the Italian opera. The principal performer in this novel species of entertainment was a man well known at that time by the appellation of Cat HARRIS, of whom the following anecdote is related:

Harris, being engaged by Foote for this purpose, had attended several rehearsals, at which his mewling gave infinite satisfaction to the manager and the performers: at the last rehearsal, however, Harris was missing; and, as nobody knew where he lived, Shuter was prevailed upon to find him out, if possible. He inquired, in vain, for some time, and was at length informed that he lived in a certain court in the Minories; this information was sufficient for a man of congenial talents, like Shuter; for, the moment he entered the court, he set up a cat solo, which instantly roused his brother musician in his garret, who answered him in the same tune, and then joined Shuter to the opera.

LIGHTNING.

On the first of May a newly married couple (in the duchy of Baden) being overtaken by a thunder-storm, took shelter under a walnut tree, when they were both struck with lightning, and killed on the spot.

ECONOMY.—AVARICE.

Nothing can be more praiseworthy in public, and particularly in private, life, than a fair frugality, or discretion of expense. 'I have no other notion of economy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease,' says Swift to Bolingbroke. The proper disposition and arrangement of our funds, enables us not only to be independent, but to be useful to others in the day of their need. Economy, however, will occasionally run mad. On the other hand, avarice, 'the vice of age,' is an insatiable desire after more gain than we can enjoy, or is necessary. This sin (not always a gentlemanly failing) is too often the fruit or result of a too rigid economy: one generates the other. Bion, the sophist, said, 'Covetousness is the root of all evil;' a sentence which has been canonized by the great apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul. At the same time, it is almost superfluous to say, that no two things can be more different in their nature than frugality and covetousness. True, posterity may have cause of thankfulness to those ancestors who have evinced the baser passion; and, when we dismiss motives, some fine charitable structures, which occasionally meet our eye, the result of this sordidness of the mind, almost tempt us to exclaim, 'So long as good is done, no matter *how* it is done.' Wretches in former days used thus to make the *amende honorable* with Heaven: and no one is more willing to believe than ourselves, that 'charity (in this very literal sense) covereth a multitude of sins.' Even in private life, man is hobby-horsically frugal; his neighbour perceiving how careful he is in certain small matters, and in larger ones quite indifferent. An epicure, whom we have heard of, would dine at the Bedford coffee-house. "What have you got for dinner, John?" "Any thing you please sir." "Oh! but what vegetables?" The waiter named the usual *legumes* in season; when the gentleman, after having ordered two mutton chops, said, "John! have you any cucumbers?" "No, sir, there are not any, I believe, yet produced, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if you please, I will step

into the market, and enquire the price, if any." The waiter returned, "Why, sir, there are a few, but they are very dear; they are a guinea apiece." "A guinea apiece! are they small or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then buy two." Just so it is with us all, saving at one end, and running out at the other.

Mr. Ostervald, the French banker, who died in 1790, literally of want, though worth £125,000 sterling, made his fortune from this beginning: He carried home from a tavern every night all the bottle corks he could collect, and this he continued for eight years, and at length sold the collection for twelve louis d'ors.

But some possess, through their vast avarice, (for on no other principle can it be accounted for,) a very itch for thieving. Cardinal Angelot had such an itch for thieving, that he used to go into the stable, and steal the oats from his own horses; but his groom, finding a person in the fact, thrashed him soundly, pretending that he did not know his master. We have heard also of a city alderman, since deceased, who was detected robbing his own till.

January, 1779, Humphrey Finnamore, Esq. a person of seventy years of age, and who has an income of upwards of 500*l.* a year, was convicted of stealing five turkeys, the property of Thomas Humphries, master of the Gipsey-house, near Norwood.

In the year 1771, a person of the name of Eyre was observed to steal three quires of paper out of a room in Guildhall; and when his lodgings were searched, more of the same sort (which had been privately marked) was found. He was brought up for trial, November 1st. John Eyre, Esq. pleaded guilty, and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court: He was sentenced to be transported. This sordid wretch is said to have been worth, at the time of committing so base and shameful an act, at least thirty thousand pounds.

Many years since, an old man standing at the fire-side of the Three per Cent.'s Office of the Bank, was observed to pick up the coals and put them in his pocket, and afterwards went to the books, and received his

dividend upon 600l. He was carried before a magistrate, where the coals were taken out of his pocket.

ORIGIN OF "LLOYD'S"

One of the most important local objects in the commerce of this enterprising country, and indeed of the globe itself, is Lloyd's Coffee House, a name which it derived from the first person who kept it, and who little imagined that it would progressively acquire such a celebrity in the annals of the commercial world.

The Coffee House is also a central point of political information, because the ministers, knowing its importance, select and appropriate this place as the medium of conveying the first intelligence of every national concern; and the tidings, whether good or bad, flow as from an original source to the public in general. Indeed it has now enjoyed this distinction so long, that whenever a rumour is in circulation, to say, "We have it from Lloyd's," gives it a currency and sanction to which it would not otherwise be entitled.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

*From the new Poem of "The Bridal of Caolchairn,"
by John Hay Allan, Esq.*

Day breaks on the mountain,
Light breaks on the storm,
The sun from the shower
Glints silent and warm;
But dark is the hour
Of grief on my soul,
There's no morn to awake it,
No beam to console.

The hawk's to his corral,
The dove's to her nest,
The grey wolf's to greenwood,
The fox to his rest.

But even and morrow
Are wakeful to me,
There's no rest for my sorrow,
No sleep for my ee.

O lily of England,
O Ladye my love,
How fair is the sunbeam
Thy bower above!
But bright be thy blossom,
And reckless thy glee,
And crossed not thy bosom
With sorrow for me.

We have met in delight,
We have deemed ne'er to sever,
We have loved in despair,—
We have parted for ever!
But yet there's a rest
To the mournful is given,
We shall sleep on its breast,
And awaken in heaven.

SONG.

By John Clare.

1.

THE morning hours the sun beguiles,
With glories brightly blooming;
The flower and summer meet in smiles,
And so I've met with woman.
But suns must set with dewy eve,
And leave the scene deserted;
And flowers must with the summer leave,—
So I and Mary parted.

2.

O Mary, I did meet thy smile,
When passion was discreetest;
And thou didst win my heart the while,
When woman seem'd the sweetest;

When joys were felt that cannot speak,
And memory cannot smother,
When love's first beauty flushed thy cheek,
That never warm'd another.

3.

Those eyes that then my passion blest,
That burn'd in love's expression;
That bosom where I then could rest,
And now have no possession;
These waken still in memory
Sad ceaseless thoughts about thee,
That say how blest I've been with thee,
And how I am without thee.

LINES BY SCHILLER.

Athwart the city's streets,
With wailing in her train,
Misfortune strides;
Watchful she marks
The homes of men:
To-day at this,

To-morrow at yon other door, she knocks,
But misses none.

Sooner or later comes
Some messenger of woe

To every threshold, where the living dwell.

When at the seasons fall
The leaves decay,
When to the grave is borne
The hoary head,
Calm nature but obeys
Her ancient law,

And man respects her everlasting march.

But man must also learn,
To expect in earthly life
Unusual strokes of fate.
Murder, with violent hand,
May tear the holiest bond.

And in his Stygian boat

Death may bear off the blooming form of youth.

When towering clouds o'erswath the sky,
When loudly bellowing thunders roll,
Each heart in secret owns
The fearful might of fate.
But e'en from cloudless heights
Can kindling lightnings plunge;
E'en in the sunny day
Bale-breathing plagues may lurk.
Fix not on transient good
Thy trusty heart:

Let him who has, prepare to learn to love
Him who is happy learn to bend!